"PERSPECTIVE," a New Feature by J. H. Plumb (See Books)

Saturday Review

October 29, 1966 35¢

POSITION PAPERS: THE REPUBLICAN FUTURE

By Charles H. Percy

RECORDINGS

THE VISITORS—A Decade of Cultural Exchange

By Martin Mayer

Emil Gilels, Soviet pianist now making his fifth tour of America (See Recordings)

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—*—

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—*—

SAFETY: While growth and income may have a cheerful ring, perhaps your circumstances suggest a more conservative tack. Then you would weigh the relative safety of principal combined with a good yield that high-grade preferred stocks or bonds might offer.

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—*—

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A third is to ask your broker for facts and advice in appraising a company's business picture before you apply your judgment.

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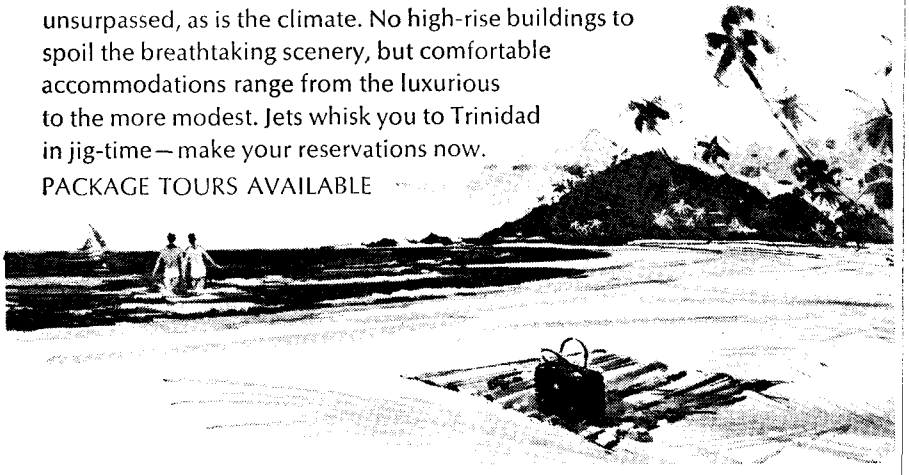

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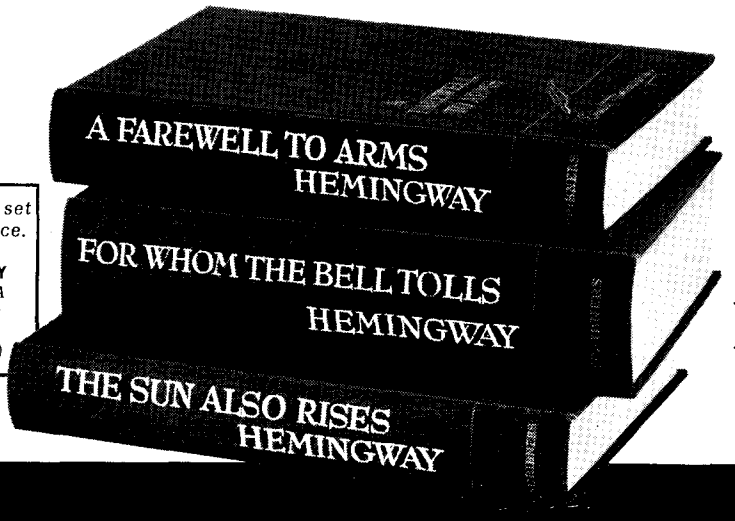

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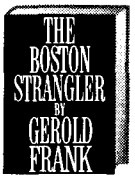

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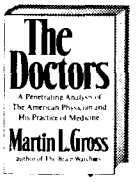

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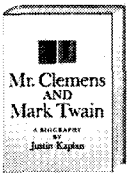

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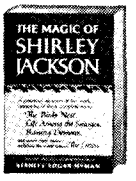

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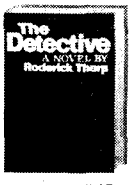

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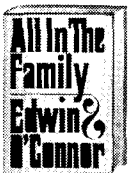

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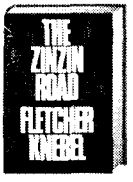

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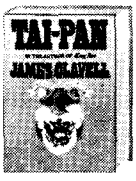

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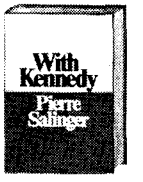

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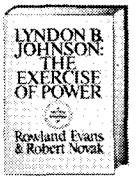

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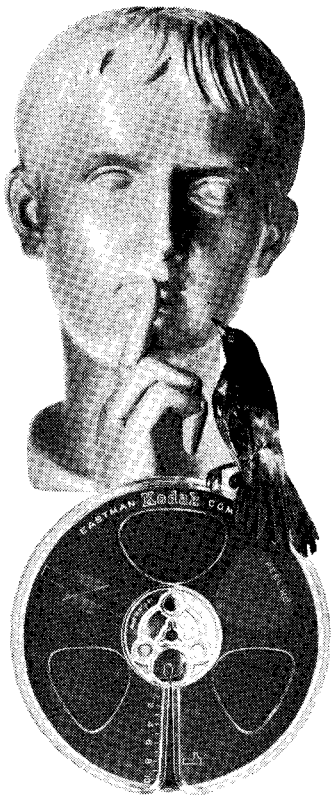

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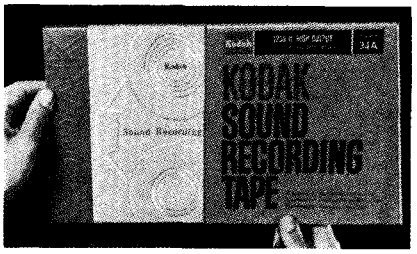

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There are . . . six sorts of eels in the Island of Ely.—Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne.*

There are six sorts of eels in the
Island of Ely [1]
And all sorts of men in the Island
of Man,[2]
But very few seals in the waters of
Sealy [3]
And almost no cash in the caves of
Kashan.[4]

There are nine sorts of nuts in the
orchards of Nutley [5]
And plenty of pans in the ports of
Panay,[6]
But goodness knows what's in the
village of Whatley [7]
Or who's on the hillsides of Hua-
lalai.[8]

[1] County in Cambridgeshire, England. Pop. 372,000.
[2] British Island in Irish Sea. Pop. 49,338.
[3] Town in Texas. Pop. 1,724.
[4] Province in Iran. Pop. 60,505.
[5] City in New Jersey. Pop. 21,954.
[6] Island in the Philippines. Pop. 1,745,982.
[7] Town in Alabama. Pop. 640.
[8] Extinct Volcano in Hawaii. No Pop.

—WEARE HOLBROOK.

B.

B. WAS a main character in *The Enormous Room,* the novel of World War I by e. e. cummings, the lower-case poet. e.e. and B. shared the same cell in a French prison. cummings got off scot free but B. was caught with what is called "the goods." He had a copy of *Mother Earth* on him. *Mother Earth* was a muckraking magazine in English of, about, and for Emma Goldman and her cause, which was aimed at support for the International Peasantry. From time to time her magazine would run out of paper and cease publication. Emma would explain that she had no machinery for making pulp as the capitalists had conscripted all that was available and bought up all the trees as well.

The gendarmes thought the capture of B. a "find." They searched the crevices of his apparel and came up with treasure—a photograph of Trotsky and Kerensky drinking a toast to each other.

I first met B. at Columbia in the Furnald Hall dormitory. On the way to class, I heard the sound of deep snoring emerging from a dormitory door which was slightly ajar. I couldn't resist peeking into the room, which I cased with a quick glance. It was bare except for a bed, on which, at a precarious angle and equally bare, was B. In one corner of the room, piled up with care, were at least a hundred cakes of soap in their original wrappers. B., who was now in a sitting position like Rodin's *Thinker*, said without introduction, "Come in, sit down. Smell that." He held a soap package to my nose. Then he went through wild college cheers for "Daggett and Ramsdell," "Yardley's," "Palmolive," and other estimable soap scents. Then he said, "Stick around while I get dressed and we'll go hunting for the perfect smell."

B. wasn't a nut, he merely had his off-center moments which were manifest when he had had a drop too many. He was fond of me and I of him. He was the first esthete I had ever met. He introduced me to Baudelaire's poems, Lachaise, Arthur Lee, and other eccentric art.

Years passed—thirty of them—until I saw him again, and even then he was drunk, as in his undergraduate days. I thought of taking him to dinner, but he was too drunk for that. Formerly a handsome fellow, he now was marred in appearance by his ugly teeth waving in the breeze. He explained that he meant to have some stainless steel teeth made, but he didn't have the money. With a burst of generosity, I gave him $300 to get a set of choppers, which he promised would send him on the wagon as well as teach him to bite.

I saw him again when he knocked on the door of my room in Greenwich Village, of course as potted as a palm. I tried to close the door on him. He sat down on the stairway steps outside the door. "I know," he moaned from outside, "but you don't understand people like me. You mustn't let an alcoholic handle money. You should do it, make a deal with a dentist in a case like this."

This idea sounded good to me and I decided to take another chance on B. I called up his dentist, Dr. Acheless Ackerman, and he thought I had the right idea. "By the way," I said, caught by an inspiration, "these teeth are made of steel you say. Can I have engraved on them, *Property of Howard Dietz?*"

The last I heard of B., he had made his engraved dentures his trademark. Word came from the bars of lower

(*Continued on page* 8)

Indentured

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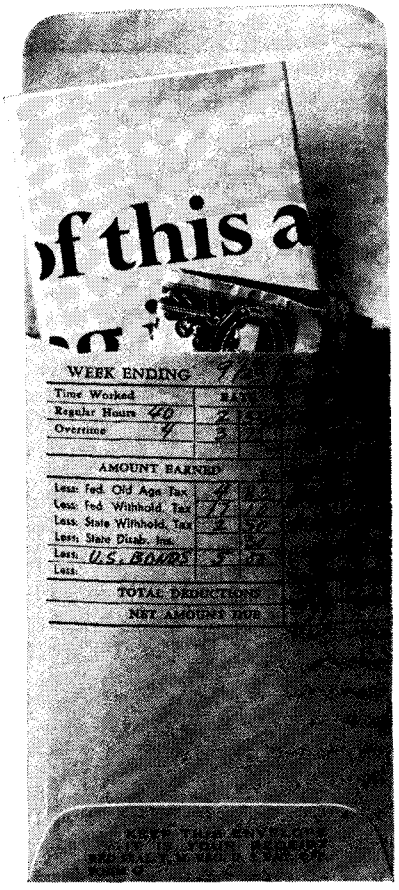

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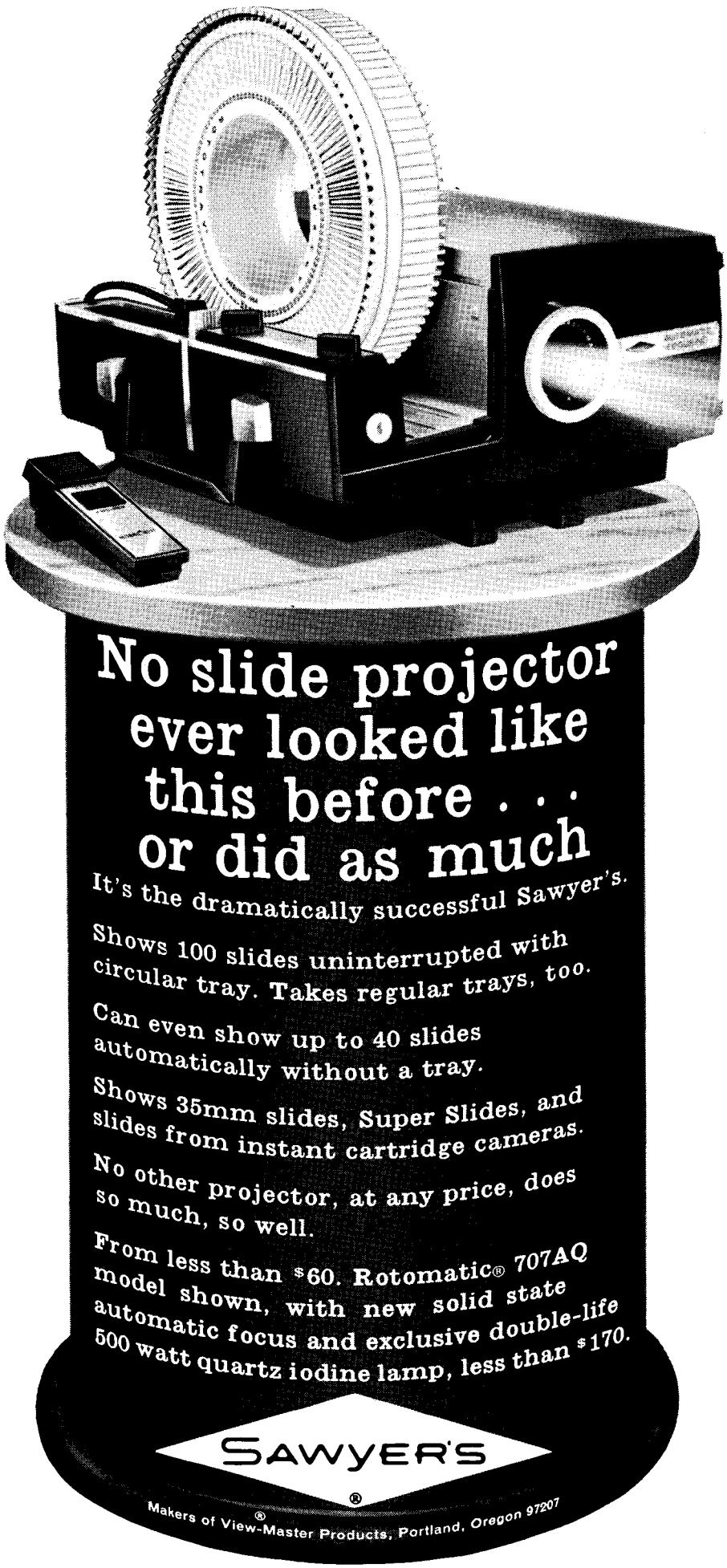
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Continued from page 4

Manhattan that whenever B. was oversaturated in alcohol and bitterness, he would pull out his plates and shout to the world, "Even my teeth aren't my own!" —HOWARD DIETZ.

Ma'am, You Made the Pants Too Long

"DORIS, I'm home," I called as I entered our New York apartment. "Anybody here?"

Since there was no answer, I proceeded to fix a snack and to watch the 6 o'clock news on television. About an hour later Doris came in.

"Oh, hello dear. I'm sorry I'm late," she said. "I spent the afternoon at Cynthia's."

"What's in the bundle?" I asked.

"Oh, some old clothes that Cynthia gave me. Look, how do you like this pink Ivy League shirt with the button-down collar?"

"Oh, all right," I said. "But you know that Harold and I don't wear the same size."

"It's not for you, silly. For me."

"Oh."

"Cynthia gave me six of Harold's shirts and three pairs of his slacks. They fit me perfectly."

"Is that a man's suit?"

"Yes, it's one of Harold's. All I have to do is take out the shoulder pads. And here's one of Harold's top hats. Won't it be simply divine with my black crepe dress with the green epaulets? And look at this. Would you believe that Harold and I wear the same size shoes?"

"You really made a haul!" I managed.

"I'll say. And Cynthia is so clever. She made the cutest party dress out of one of your old trench coats."

"My trench coat?"

"Yes, dear, I had to give her something in return," Doris said.

"And what else did you give away?"

"Oh, you remember the Navy uniform that was too small for you? Well, it's now Cynthia's summer outfit."

"I hope she doesn't forget to return the salute," I said.

"Then I gave her the golf shoes you outgrew, the blue serge suit with the cigarette burn on the sleeve, and that leather jacket that you used to go hunting in. She loves them."

"Well, we're going to have to figure some way to tell our clothes apart. I don't want Harold to see me wearing one of his old suits," I said.

"I'll sew some labels in everything with our names on them," Doris said.

"Do you still want the peignoir for your birthday?" I asked.

"It's sweet of you, dear," Doris replied, "but I'd much rather have a key chain, a couple of ties, and a leather belt to hold my pants up."

—FRANCIS MURRAY.

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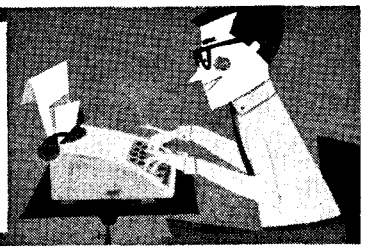
Top of My Head



Be It Ever So Hovel

THERE IS SOME TALK about passing a law in New York City that a tenant living in a slum dwelling does not have to pay rent if the landlord refuses to make repairs to properties considered in violation of fire hazard, health, or sanitation regulations.

Needless to say, the landlords are up in arms—a Sullivan Act violation. They are not going to take this lying down.

"We are not going to take this laying down," one of them said to me. "We have formed an organization known as Slumlords Organizational Brotherhood. All our money is tied up in slums. This law is discriminatory, confiscatory, and just plain Tory. And you can quote me in your paper as the spokesman for Slumlords Organizational Brotherhood."

What is plainly needed here is a new spokesman. The image of the landlords is obviously in worse disrepair than their slum dwellings. Their press clippings have been less than flattering.

"Those newspapers have been clipping us real good," another landlord told me. "They talk about us as if we're all tricky landlords who sneak tricky clauses into your leases. And it's only after you move in that you find out you can't have a household pet. Not us. We understand that a man's best friend is his dog. Or a cat. The more the merrier. But if you read the newspapers you'd think the only pets we allow are mice and roaches. They have defamed our image."

And to this end they have engaged the services of a company known as Good Images, Inc. I paid a visit to that office and met the image-maker. I asked his name.

"My name," he said, reading from notes, "is Sunny Stevens. I achieved the sobriquet of 'Sunny' when I spent my childhood in the slums and managed to keep my sunny disposition which enabled me to rise from my sordid surroundings to the position I now hold. Some of my clients have been Charles de Gaulle, Zeppo Marx, a book called *The Fine Art of Hypochondria,* and the Edsel car."

"But Sunny," I said from memory, "you say you were raised in the slums. Isn't this job of repairing the image of the slumlords rather like selling your soul to the general store?"

"I knew you were going to ask me that," he said, continuing to read from his notes. "But have you ever considered the names of celebrities and personages who have risen from the slums? The beloved and revered Eddie Cantor, and the late and lamented Mayor Jimmy Walker, to name but several. And who can forget George Jessel? And I might add, the great Albert Einstein."

"Einstein? I think he came from Germany, didn't he?"

"A technicality. And look what he did. I needn't remind you that E equals MC squared. And he did all that with the *old* math. You can imagine if he was living in the slums today."

"I don't understand. Are you in favor of perpetuating the slums?"

"Oh no. *Au contraire.* I think they should be allowed to stay the way they are. Do you want to take away the only places we have left that a man can rise from and become successful?"

"Well, no, I—"

"How unAmerican can you get? This is the land of opportunity. Take away the slums and you take away the incentive."

"But do the slums have to be in disrepair? Can't they be fixed up to be made livable, at least?"

"Then what would there be in the slums for a man to want to escape from? I know the slums. I was barefoot for years. That was my personal incentive."

"Shoes?"

"No, women."

"Oh, you couldn't expect to meet a—"

"That's it. Not without shoes. You know the great American formula for success—behind every successful man there's a woman."

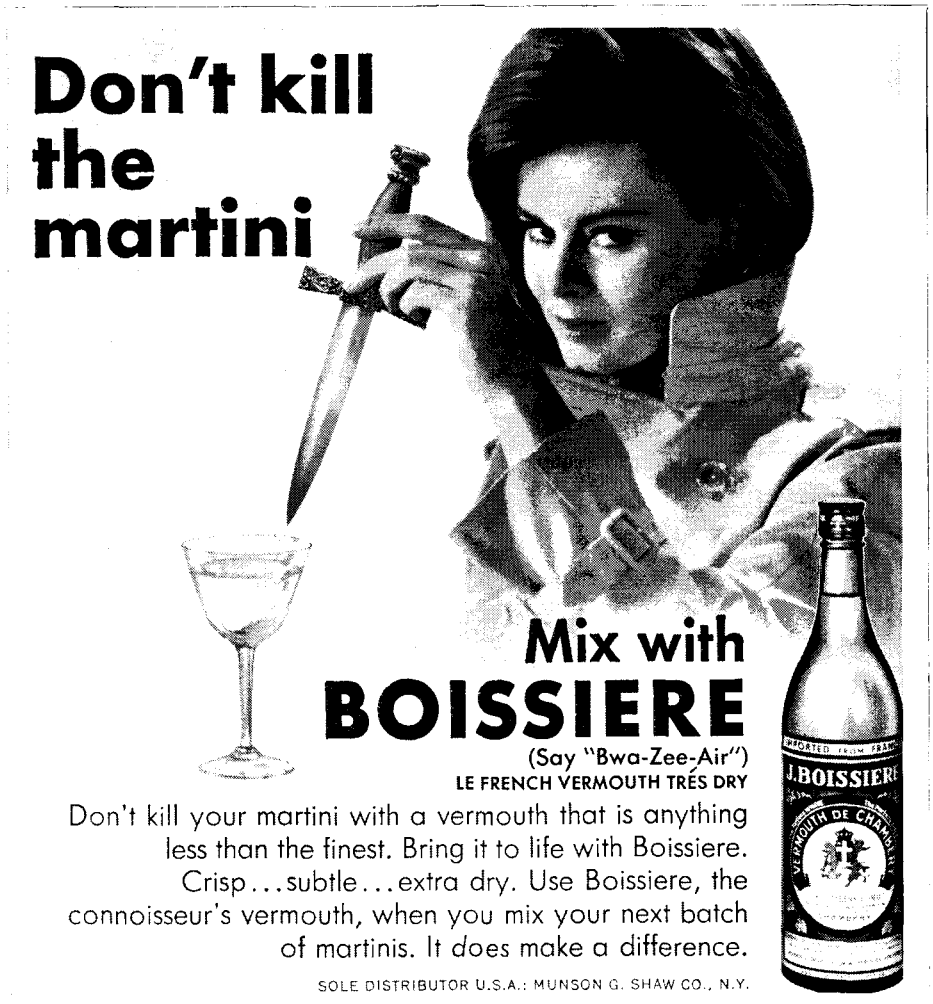
"How do you expect to raise the image of your clients—the Slumlords Organizational Brotherhood?"

"Well, the first thing on the agenda is to change that name to the Brotherhood Organization of Slumlords."

"Will that help their image?"

"It sure will. You know how they call everything by initials these days—CIA—FBI—FCC—FHA. Well, you can see what would happen with "Slumlords Organizational Brotherhood."

—Goodman Ace.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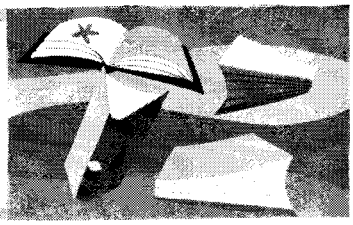
Trade Winds



Even if I could claim that Cecil King is a close friend of mine—which I wish I could but cannot—he would be famous for more than that. He controls ten newspapers in England, two in Nigeria, and about 200 magazines with circulations ranging from a few thousand a month to several million a week. Now he has acquired some publishing interests in the United States. Physically he is huge, and quietly formidable. Annually he arranges to spend an evening with me, for reasons I can't fathom.

I am an Anglophile, yet I seem to irritate Mr. King constantly. He owns the outstanding Labor newspaper in Europe, so I intimate he may be on the wrong side politically. He glowers, insists he is "an independent." I say a kind word for Anthony Eden. Had his chance, mauled it, is the reply. I express a longing for a modern Rudyard Kipling to materialize, to speak a jingo lingo, to inspire the British to recognize again what they were and what they could be. King observes that no Englishman can do it. I say the world never was so well off as when the British ruled it. Not likely to recur in this century, says King.

I worshiped Mr. Churchill. Made too many mistakes, states King. I say, "Your form of government is the world's finest." If it were, comments King, England would have better leaders. "Your literary heritage alone is worth all the world's other literature put together," I venture. Laconic response: "Excellent book on Boswell just published—written by an American, I am sorry to say." I murmur appreciation for Cecil Rhodes and his scholarships. King sniffs.

About Vietnam: "Mistaken commitment there," he reports, "but nobody is obliged to live with a mistake forever—why don't you listen to de Gaulle?"

About Mr. Johnson: "Has a nasty job. But in all my travels here in recent weeks shouldn't I have met at least one person who likes him?" Humphrey: "He's different. Good man." Eisenhower: "Absolutely inept. Also, a poor general, no matter what credit he takes for himself." The *World Journal Tribune*: "You call that a *news*paper?" All of which says Mr. King.

He floors me, because I doubt any Englishman cherishes England more than does Cecil King, or that there is another who finds so much to disparage about America yet secretly admires it. We argue, stare, glare, shake hands lukewarmly, another table is cleared away. He leaves, I look at myself, mildly surprised to find I am in one piece.

In *Hosts and Guests*, Max Beerbohm wrote: "I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be offhand tone, 'I am dining with the Borgias tonight,' no Roman ever was able to say, 'I dined last night with the Borgias.'"

Friends, last night I dined with Cecil King.

"I desire to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world," said Cecil Rhodes's will, "and to encourage in the students from the United States an attachment to the country from which they have sprung without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth."

To what causes will Cecil King bequeath *his* empire? The world will be curious to compare the disposition of the fortune of England's greatest publisher with the disposition to be decreed by Henry Luce, our own most distinguished publisher.

An acquaintance who saw an advance copy of my recent remarks about the continuing stage production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, advises that there are a number of different versions of the play. The only one I am familiar with was written by George and Frank Aiken. You think it was pathetic when little Eva went to heaven? How about Uncle Tom:

> George Shelby *(kneeling beside Uncle Tom on the floor)*: You shan't die! You mustn't die! Nor think of it! I have come to buy you and take you home.
>
> Uncle Tom: Oh, Massa George, you're too late. The Lord has bought me and is going to take me home.
>
> George Shelby: Oh, don't die! It will kill me! It will break my heart! To think what you have suffered, poor fellow!
>
> Uncle Tom: Don't call me poor fellow. I have been poor fellow, but that's all gone now. I'm right in the door, going into glory. Oh, Massa George, Heaven has come. I've got the victory! The Lord has given it to me—Glory be to His name! *(He dies)*
>
> George Shelby: Poor old Uncle Tom —*he's gone!*

Two dozen readers have forwarded versions of a poem about the asterisk

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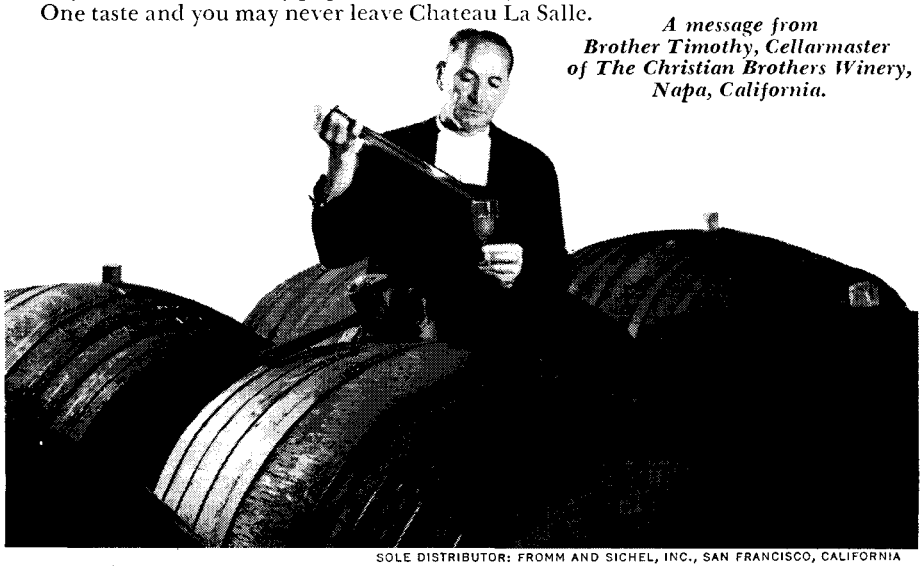

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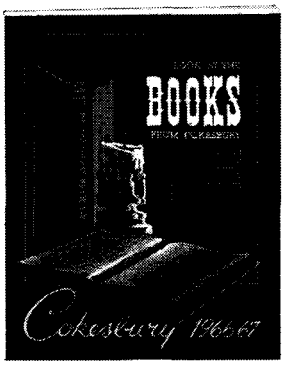

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Then they pointed out to me that this catalog is only a teaser designed to whet the reader's appetite and give a sampling of the thousands of books stocked by Cokesbury Bookstores from Boston to Los Angeles. They're right.

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which, in memory and recognition of the moral standards of *Saturday Review*'s Amy Loveman, I hesitate to set down here. Instead, here's a nice, clean entry from Mrs. Elizabeth Whidden:

An author owned an asterisk,
And he kept it in his den,
Where he wrote tales, which had large sales,
Of frail and erring men;
And always when he reached the point
Where carping censors lurk,
He called upon the asterisk
To do his dirty work.

With Election Day in the offing, I recall fondly a novel, *In the Wet*, by Nevil Shute, in which it was suggested that each citizen be allotted votes in accordance with his contribution to society: so many votes for a useful invention, service to the government, success in literature, etc.

Now I have stumbled on a paragraph written by Friedrich von Schiller about one and a half centuries earlier: "Majority? What does that mean? Sense ever has been centered in the few; what cares he, who has nothing, for the general weal? Has the beggar choice or liberty? He must sell his vote to the great ones, who pay him, for bread and raiment. Votes should be weighed, not counted. That state must sooner or later go to wreck where numbers sway and ignorance decides."

Well, vote anyway. Especially in California.

A week's reading: First, Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* (Atheneum), for me one of the more brilliant books of the decade. Next, Charles W. Ferguson's *The Male Attitude* (Little, Brown), which I stayed with eagerly for four hours. Then, Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), for which I submit a minority report, having found it disappointing. Also *Law as Literature* (Simon and Schuster), published half a dozen years ago, most of which is worth the time. And finally, Charles Goren's *Bridge Is My Game* (Doubleday).

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1698)

W. Somerset Maugham:
ASHENDEN

But there will always be espionage and counter-espionage. Though conditions may have altered, though difficulties may be greater when war is raging, there will always be secrets which one side jealously guards and which the other will use every means to discover.

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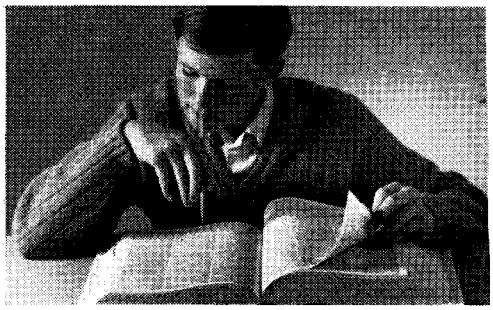

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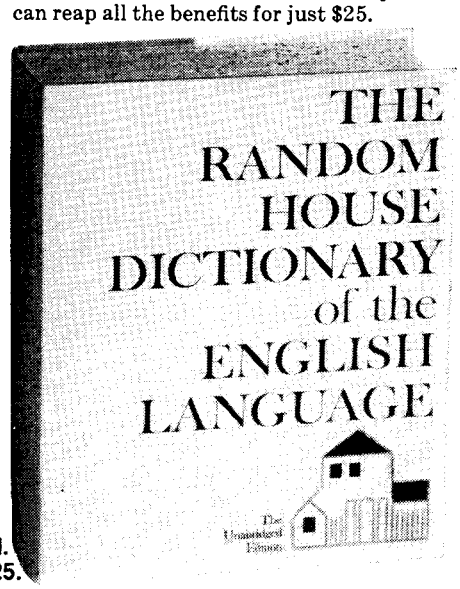

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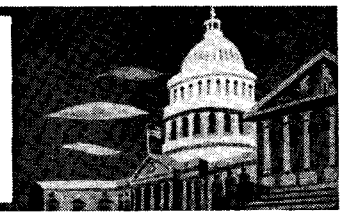
State of Affairs



European Notebook—II

JUST AS Americans wonder what President Johnson's true character is, so do the Europeans. And recently, with the completion of his first 1,000 days in the White House, many European newspapers attempted to reassess the man. Broadly speaking, as his Gallup rating has declined in the United States so has his standing in Europe. The main reasons are the Vietnamese war and an impression that he is in love with the instruments of power.

The war has become more unpopular not only because it has diverted American attention from Europe to Asia—or because, as many think, it has created new tension between the United States and the Soviet Union—but also because the President is seen as "bomb happy." The European resentment about the bombing of North Vietnam, as one leading German editor suggested, reflects the bitter memories of people who themselves have experienced bombing, as against Americans whose own homes have never been subjected to this. It does not mean that Mr. Johnson has not gained some sympathy for his abortive offers to sit down with the North Vietnamese at the negotiating table—at least among editorial writers.

As to the character of the man, there is the basic impression that he rarely is able to rise above politics, that he is unable to admit mistakes—a trait which makes statesmen look more human. President Kennedy, for instance, when he admitted to having blundered in the Bay of Pigs disaster, took the edge off the worst criticism and even won some sympathy. Prime Minister Wilson shares this failing with President Johnson and hence neither engenders sympathy easily. Their popularity is therefore entirely based on how successful they are. And in the past few months President Johnson, as one Swiss newspaper put it, has looked like a magician who cannot conjure any new rabbits out of his hat.

* * *

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S psychological influence in Europe is considerable. His idea of a Europe independent of the United States has a growing appeal. The only reason why it has not had a greater effect on European policy is that he has not been able to translate this psychological influence into terms of real power. The Europeans are too well aware that real power rests with the United States—especially the Germans, who are not yet willing to take the same chances with the United States that the French are.

The Dutch and Germans say they are pressing the British Government to make the crucial decision to go into Europe, and even if actual negotiations must take several years, at least everyone would then be convinced that the British really mean it and would work toward this goal with new determination. But there are many doubts in Europe about Harold Wilson. He has not caught the imagination of the people on the Continent. They believe, as they did about President Johnson (at least before the President made his European policy speech before the National Association of Editorial Writers on October 7), that he is not really interested in Europe. I even found that many suspect that he would prefer to see Britain, together with the United States and the Commonwealth, brought into a new alliance, a new free trade area. This is not likely, but these rumors are more proof of the fear of French dominance and the lack of trust in Mr. Wilson on the Continent.

* * *

A PESSIMIST, a Russian scholar suggested the other day at a meeting of scholars, is a well-informed optimist.

* * *

THE POLITICAL DECLINE of Chancellor Erhard is startling. Nobody expected this to happen so soon after his victory in the general elections. The Germans like to be led—they don't like confusion—and hence more people are predicting the comeback of the Bavarian Strauss, who had to withdraw from Dr. Adenauer's government because he overstepped his authority in trying to prosecute the German weekly magazine *Der Spiegel*. He is obviously politically very durable, even though many Germans fear that he has the character of a dictator. By the time de Gaulle passes from the European scene, we may instead have to deal, this time in Germany, with an equally difficult—perhaps even more difficult – man. Strauss is likely to become the first German statesman to enter into direct negotiations with the Russians, and then we may look back on General de Gaulle with nostalgia.

* * *

THE VIENNESE, I found—and not surprisingly—are flattered and amused by an invitation extended to the Vienna State Opera from those who have banded together to save the good old Met. The invitation is to perform at a reopening of the old building. It would be something of a world series for opera buffs, matching the Viennese Opera against Mr. Bing's opera company. I would not be surprised if the Viennese scored more home runs.

* * *

BRIGHTON, where the British Labor party held its annual meeting, was to the party what the Withering Glades are for Californians, one commentator suggested. There is a good deal to this. Harold Wilson, by making the trade unions submit to his drastic wage and price freeze, has laid the groundwork for a much broader-based Labor party. People gave him a strong mandate in the last elections in the hope that only a Labor prime minister could tame the trade unions, and, at least in that respect, he is now delivering. If he also succeeds in getting the economy back into balance, he may transform the Labor party into something resembling a radical Democratic party with the trade unions playing a much less influential role.

For Mr. Wilson the ecoromic crisis is as crucial as the outcome of the Vietnamese war is for Lyndon Johnson. And just as the President's political fortunes are influenced by the casualty rate, so will Wilson's be by the rapidly increasing rate of unemployment. He is playing a risky hand, but he seems confident.

The Labor party, after having gone through this wringer, will never be the same again. Its idealism, its rebellious spirit, its militancy will be gone—it will look much more the way it might have looked under Mr. Wilson's predecessor, Hugh Gaitskell, when Mr. Wilson was the rebellious petrel. And who will be the thorn in Mr. Wilson's side?

* * *

IN ALMOST every European capital I was asked apprehensively whether President Johnson, after the November elections, would once more escalate the war in Vietnam by a massive landing operation north of the 17th parallel. The general belief is that such an operation would be as indecisive as the bombing of the north of Vietnam and would further aggravate the risks of either Chinese or Russian intervention. There is also the hope that with the Chinese behaving like madmen in their own country the men in Hanoi will have second thoughts about their allies and shift their main reliance on the Soviet Union. Then the stage may gradually be set for Soviet mediation in this conflict, even though the Kremlin, at least publicly, would remain as adamantly opposed to this role as it has been up to now.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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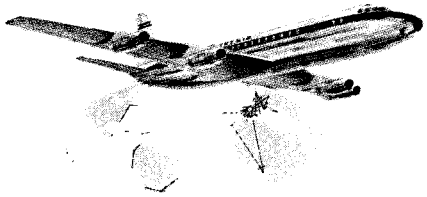

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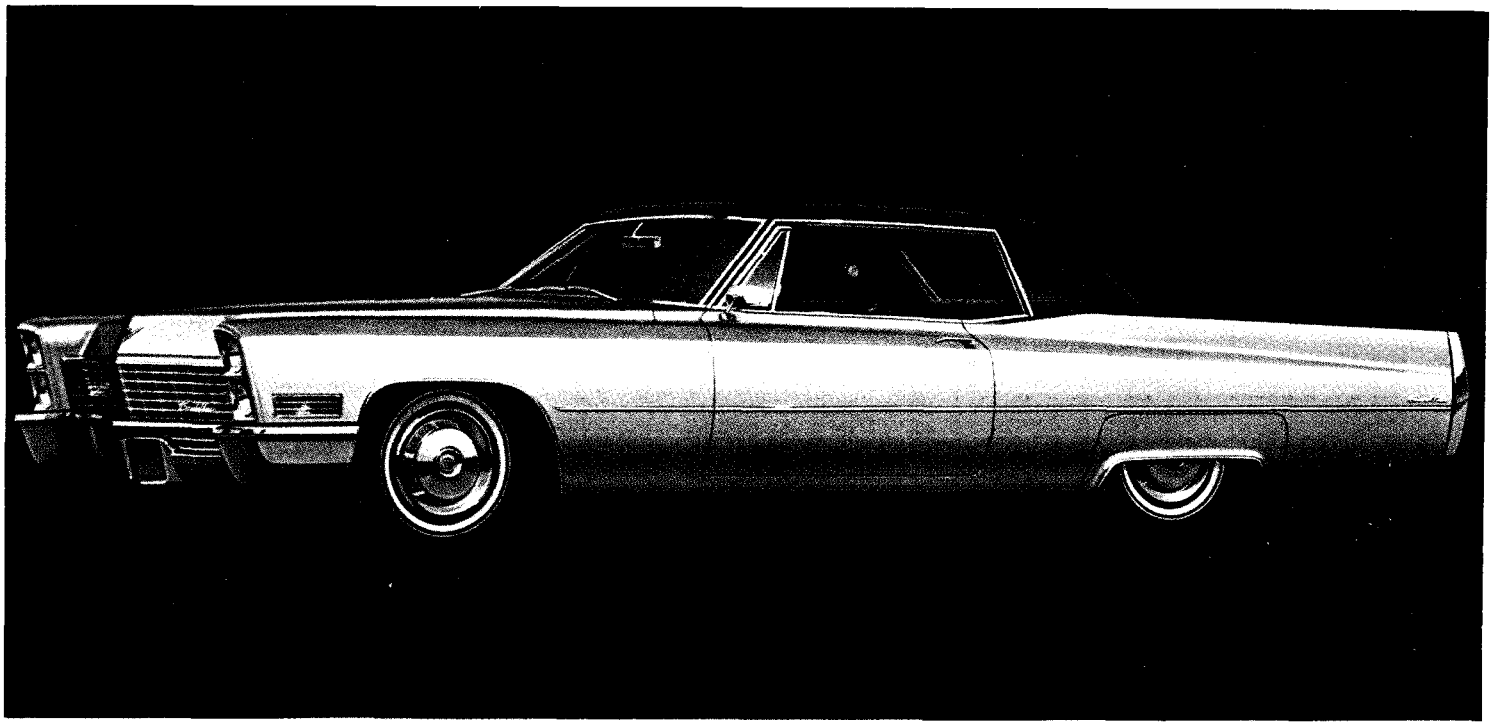

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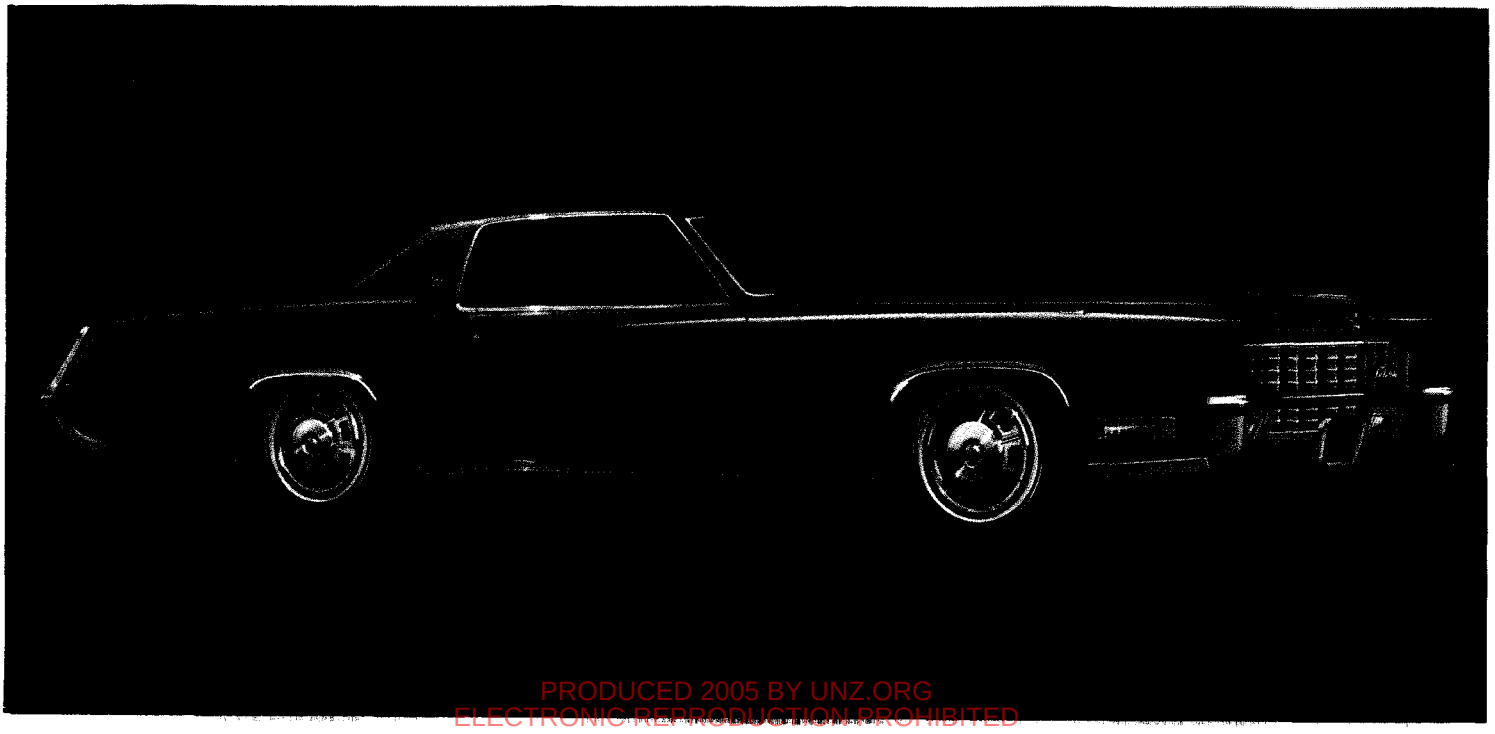

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Saturday Review
October 29, 1966

Position Papers—1966

The Republican Future

"Rarely has there been such an opportunity for a major party . . . if we will forget our liberal-conservative obsessions and devise responsible, realistic programs. . . ."

By CHARLES H. PERCY

NOT LONG AGO a Republican friend complained to me that as far as he could see our party had nowhere to go. The Democrats, he said, had usurped all the problems that require attention in the Sixties. I was surprised by his attitude and I told him why.

For the past several years I have been deeply involved in many of these problems, including literacy education, slum housing, and job opportunities. Consider just one of these—slum housing. More than 15,000,000 occupied dwelling units in the United States—or 27 per cent of the nation's housing—are substandard. To understand the grim reality behind these figures, one must see firsthand how such housing affects its inhabitants.

Take a seemingly insignificant thing such as paint peeling from ceilings and walls in slum buildings. Children often put the paint chips in their mouths, and the lead poisoning which results goes undetected until the damage is done. If a child survives the poisoning—and 25 per cent who are poisoned do not—it is more than likely that he will be severely and permanently retarded.

How the peeling paint and the falling plaster, the rats, the cockroaches, the tenements without heat in winter, and the buildings where five large families share a single bathroom affect the human spirit cannot be measured or charted. But the problems of the slum are very real, and they *must* be met. They are *not* being met today. Nor are many others like them. So when I am told that there are no problems left for Republicans to solve, I cannot agree.

Rarely has there been such an opportunity for a major political party to come forward with progressive, imaginative, responsible solutions to a host of serious problems.

In the past, the Republican party too frequently has forgotten that urgent human needs cannot wait for ideological hair-splitting. Now we must make it clear that from the most wretched tenement on Chicago's West Side to a pocket of unemployment in Tennessee, the full range of American problems and aspirations reflects the full range of Republican concern.

In the cities alone, the Republican party has an unprecedented obligation and opportunity. By 1980, it is estimated, seventy-five of every hundred Americans will live in great unbroken crescents of city and suburb. The problems that already plague our cities are multiplying much faster than the solutions. There exists no more glaring failure of government than Democratic rule of the cities, and therein lies our most significant opportunity.

Our schools are overcrowded and understaffed.

Building code enforcement is a farce.

Traffic clogs our streets.

Smoke, soot, and carbon monoxide pollute the air we breathe.

Urban mass transit often is inadequate and inefficient.

Crime and corruption are the hallmarks of city life.

These situations *can* be remedied. They call for imagination and they call for leadership. There is no reason why the Republican party can't provide both. We have long demonstrated our concern

Charles H. Percy

This is the third article in *SR*'s series of 1966 Position Papers, in which leading national spokesmen outline the viewpoints of major segments of American political opinion. The first two articles were "The New Left: What Does It Mean?" [*SR*, Sept. 24] and "The New Right: What Does It Seek?" [*SR*, Oct. 8]. Charles H. Percy is a former president and board chairman of the Bell & Howell Company who has served in many civic and public service posts, including chairmanship of the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education. In 1959, he was chosen by President Eisenhower to head a Republican Committee on Program and Progress, whose findings were published as a book, *Decisions for a Better America*. In 1960, he was chairman of the platform committee of the Republican national convention. In 1962 *SR* selected him as Businessman of the Year. He was Republican candidate for the governorship of Illinois in 1964, and now is the Illinois GOP nominee for the U.S. Senate.

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for rural America. Let us now seize the banner of the city-dweller as well.

In New York, Mayor John V. Lindsay is showing what Republicans can do in the cities if given the chance. In less than a year, he has confronted the problems of his city with a vigor and imagination which are in sharp contrast to the stale approach of the preceding Democratic administrations. What John Lindsay is doing for the Republican party is almost as important as what he is doing for New York. He is proving in dramatic fashion that Republicans *care* about people—about people who live in cities, about poor people, about people who are not white.

Millions of Republicans, including many party leaders, share these concerns. Unfortunately, in recent years Republicans have not always been in the vanguard of social and economic development in this country. Rather, standing fast on traditional grounds—often on overly strict constitutional grounds—we frequently have said "no" to the present and "no" to the realities of American life in the mid-twentieth century. We have not been consistently progressive. We have not even been soundly conservative. All too often, we have been merely negative, both in word and deed.

We have taken the term "party of opposition" too literally; more often than not we have been content merely to oppose Democratic programs when we could have been suggesting constructive —and superior—alternatives. When we have proposed such alternatives, as when Senator Everett M. Dirksen shaped the 1964 Civil Rights Bill, our party has made its most significant contributions, not only to good government but to its own vitality.

In part, what has kept us from contributing enough are our differences. Like the Democrats, we are still ideologically divided. It is difficult, if not impossible, to speak of *a* Republican philosophy. Our party is in the midst of a re-examination of its policies and its politics. The best one can do, then, is to speak of those beliefs which all Republicans still share, and then to define what one individual Republican believes the Republican party must do and what it must be.

I SUSPECT that the tie that binds all Republicans is a sincere and stubborn belief in the individual—in his capacity to grow as an individual, in his right to function as an individual, in his desire to *be* an individual rather than an anonymous appendage to the faceless crowd. Too many Democrats tend to consider collections of individuals; Republicans think each individual makes a difference. Democrats see government as the most fruitful source of initiative; Republicans believe that too much government will stifle initiative.

For many years, another bond between most Republicans was their alarm at the diminishing role of state and local government. Too often, however, state and local government failed to respond adequately to the needs of the people. We listened to ourselves deplore the shift of power to Washington, when really the people had nowhere else to turn. The states were not doing their jobs; the blame was bipartisan.

Today, however, some of the states *are* doing their jobs, and most of these states are governed by Republicans. These states are moving ahead in education, civil rights, medical care, mental health, conservation, and highways. In some cases, they are taking the lead away from the federal government; if every state did the same things, the necessity for a continuing transfer of responsibility to Washington might be sharply relieved.

Republican governors are demonstrating that the GOP is capable of serving compassionately and efficiently in administrative posts. But what should the Republican party work for in the halls of Congress and in the state legislatures? What should it stand for? What are our choices in the years just ahead?

Domestically, the most sensitive issue will continue to be civil rights. The Republican party cannot approach this issue timidly. Morally, we have an obligation to continue the work which we originally started in behalf of equal opportunities; politically, we have an opportunity to prove that we are worthy of minority trust. We must do what is necessary to guarantee the legitimate rights of every citizen, whatever his color, his creed, his cause. Every American must have equal opportunity in voting, housing, health care, education, and employment.

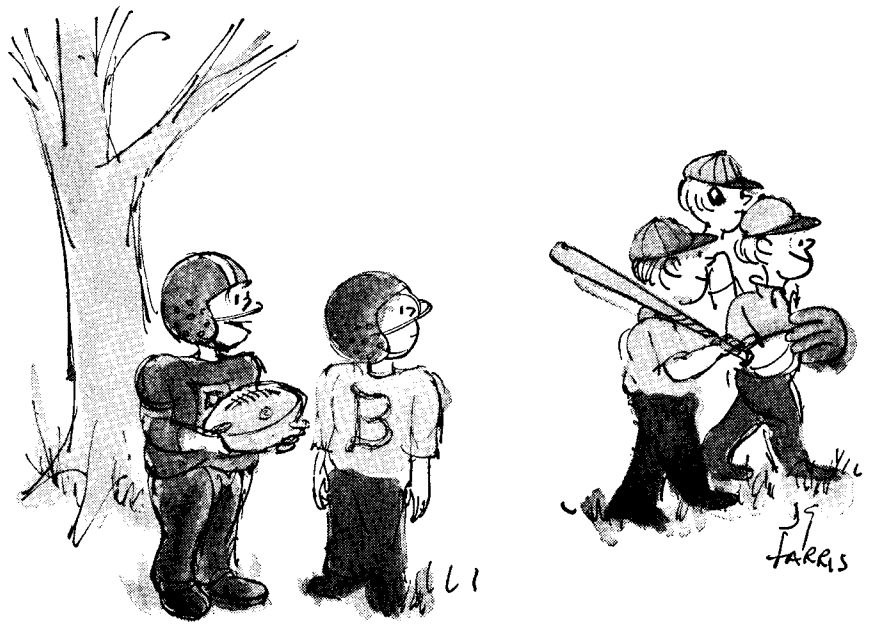
In addition to supporting legislation which is still needed, Republicans can take the lead in demanding enforcement of legislation already on the books. The Civil Rights Act of 1964, supported by 80 per cent of Republicans in Congress, has not been adequately enforced. This is a Democratic failure and a Republican opportunity.

WHAT of our opportunities in other areas of social and economic legislation—in housing, education, poverty, labor relations, crime, conservation, employment? Was my friend right? Has the opposition in fact usurped our opportunities for creative government in these fields?

Hardly. In our Illinois campaign for the Senate this year we have advanced a number of positive proposals. They are not perfect, and they are not perfectly refined. But they *are* constructive attempts to get at some of the needs confronting the nation. I think they represent the search for solutions which Republicans should be conducting every waking hour of the day.

In education and housing, for example, we have proposed positive, practical programs.

We have suggested the establishment of universal pre-school education as a matter of high priority. It has long been recognized that the period of greatest development in children is the pre-school period when the child learns quickly and the patterns of a lifetime are set. Today, pre-school education is available only to the rich, who can afford to send their children to private nursery schools, and to the poor, a few



"They're all squares. The real money's in football."

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of whom can send their children to Project Head Start classes in summer. I would like to see pre-school instruction made available to all children, regardless of their parents' income.

Similarly, in the housing field we have proposed a broad program to make home ownership available to low-income families in our cities. Drawing on the successful experience of local groups in Tulsa, St. Louis, and Philadelphia, we have developed a national program in which government and the private sector can cooperate to help people move out of slum housing and into their own homes. This program would make a major contribution to the redevelopment and restoration of presently declining and blighted urban areas. At the same time, it would have the effect of creating a new spirit of independence and self-reliance in the low-income families involved.

I would hope that the Republican search for solutions to domestic problems will be in this mold in the years ahead. I would hope, too, that we will try to be equally constructive in foreign affairs.

SINCE the implementation of the nuclear test ban treaty, American foreign policy has shown little sensitivity to the subtleties of a changing world. President Johnson, less sophisticated in foreign affairs than was President Kennedy, has been obsessed with the war in Vietnam at the expense of American relationships in the rest of the world. As a result, we are shocked at the disruption of NATO when instead we should have prepared for its evolution in the world of the 1960s. We are frustrated at the recalcitrance of our allies even though we have made little effort to involve them in our goals or to be sensitive to theirs. In Western Europe, where there had been accord with friends, there is now disarray among dissidents. With the Soviet Union, where there had been détente, today there is only impasse.

I see an opening here for Republican leadership, if only we will grasp it. Let Republicans pursue a policy directed toward the reduction of tensions among nations. In the nuclear age this must be our goal. As much as some Americans might like to pursue a holy war against Communism, the stakes in human life are too high. The only rational policy is to pursue peace with at least as much vigor and invention as we now pursue war.

Early last July I proposed that the nations of Asia convene a conference to work toward a peaceful settlement of the war in Vietnam. The enemy had clearly indicated that he was not prepared to negotiate directly with the United States. Therefore, new approaches toward ending the war were in order. It was unrealistic to expect Hanoi and Peking to submit the problem to a reconvened Geneva Conference chaired by the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom. A different environment for negotiation was required, and perhaps the only forum in which North Vietnam and China might participate would be a forum of Asian nations. In such an environment, Hanoi and Peking would not be subject directly to the demands of either the U.S.S.R. or the Western powers.

"Come on, Martha, how about me?"

NO one could guarantee the success of such a peacemaking conference, but I am convinced that we cannot achieve peace by military means alone. Moreover, it is a simplistic view of world affairs which fears negotiation with the Communists and which never really trusts our allies to support Free World interests.

I felt—and continue to feel—that the continued escalation of the war makes it imperative that we quicken and intensify efforts to seek a just peace. By bombing within 900 yards of large civilian centers, we have multiplied the risks of this war—the risk of Chinese intervention, the risk of enemy escalation, the risk of still more casualties among innocent people. If we must accelerate the war—as the Administration believes we must—then let us also accelerate the pursuit of peace.

The Republican party should continue to seek new approaches to peace in the world. We clearly need more imagination and more flexibility in our foreign policy. The Administration is not providing it. Therefore, in a two-party system, the responsibility falls to the opposition.

There are many possibilities. We can encourage greater U.S. cooperation with the U.N. in seeking settlements of international conflicts. We can exert greater efforts for cooperative exploration of space and for a treaty to keep outer space free of military activity. We can extend the nuclear test ban treaty to include underground testing as soon as adequate detection devices are available—and we can press for the prompt development of such devices. We can negotiate a nuclear nonproliferation treaty now. We can seek agreement on nuclear-free zones in Africa, the Middle East, and Latin America.

Let us begin to develop a multinational agency through which prosperous countries of the East and West can more effectively channel assistance to the less developed nations. Perhaps there would also be value in periodic regional forums where both Communist and Free World nations could meet to deal with regional problems. This would stimulate regional initiative and tend to reduce regional tensions. Such policies should be shaped and sponsored by the Republican party. Still a minority out of power, our party has the time, the talent, and the resources to pursue new approaches.

Both in foreign and domestic policy, the opportunities for creative government are countless. The challenge for the Republican party is to seize these opportunities. If we can be responsive to the individual's needs without destroying the individual; if our responses are sensible *and* sensitive; if we will forget our liberal-conservative obsessions and devise solutions that are responsible and realistic—if we do these things, we can regain the confidence of the American people. If we do not, we are doomed to minority status, and we would deserve nothing more.

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The Second Front In Vietnam

LET US TAKE a simple statement and pursue some of its implications. The statement, generally presented as a bedrock cause for U.S. involvement in Vietnam, takes this form:

"Adolf Hitler could have been stopped in the Thirties if the free nations had acted promptly and decisively. It was when aggressive Nazism discovered that the free nations were more concerned with their comforts than their convictions that Nazism made its greatest gains. If the United States had had the wisdom and courage to stand up to Hitler early enough, the lives of millions of people could have been saved.

"The world today is undergoing another test of nerve. Communist China—expansionist, aggressive, restless—seeks to take over all Asia. The initial target is Indochina; in particular, Vietnam, Laos, Thailand, and Cambodia. If China should succeed in gaining direct or indirect control over any one of these nations, it will not stop until all four have come under its dominion. After that, unremitting pressure will be directed against Indonesia, Burma, Nepal, India, Pakistan, the Philippines, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand. The time to stop Communist China is now and the place is Vietnam."

This particular analysis and prescription have been expounded many times but never more emphatically than by Thanat Khoman, Foreign Minister of Thailand, during his recent visit to the United States, when he spoke in vigorous support of American policy in Vietnam. He declared that the United States, in defending the nations of Southeast Asia, was properly acting in its own self-interest. If it failed to act now, it would set the stage for larger conflict later.

We don't happen to agree with this particular historical analogy. There are significant differences between the situation as it existed thirty years ago and the situation today. But our purpose here is not to argue that point. Our purpose, rather, is to examine some of the implications of a policy based on the validity of the analogy. What it means is that the Vietnam war is incidental to a larger problem and purpose. But the price the Vietnamese people have had to pay for their geography is far from incidental. Whether as victims or wards, the Vietnamese have been caught up in one of history's bloodiest meat-grinders. The arrival of the Vietcong has meant assassination, intimidation, raw terror. In the attempt to liberate them from the Vietcong, the Americans have rained bombs down on the Vietnamese, defoliated their crops, burned their villages. It is not easy to distinguish Vietcong from noncombatants. According to estimates, four Vietnamese have died for every member of the Vietcong who has been killed.

It makes little difference whether you are among those who give the strongest support to present U.S. policy in Vietnam or among those who are its severest critics. Both groups can recognize that we have a special obligation to the Vietnamese. Their present condition calls for a program of care and mercy—a program not less imaginative or far-reaching than the prosecution of the war itself.

Winston S. Churchill, grandson of the British war leader, recently visited hospitals in Vietnam. He reported that medical treatment is indescribably wretched. Countless thousands of civilians wounded by war are without adequate medical attention.

Representatives of the American Friends Service Committee report that thousands of Vietnamese children urgently require sustained medical care. Many of them are suffering from serious burns. Many of them need homes.

AMERICAN surgeons, sent on missions supported by private funds, report that there is a virtually endless procession of people who have been maimed and who require plastic or reconstructive surgery.

CARE reports thousands of people who are hungry and on the move.

Is this something that Americans should take in their stride? Do we make the necessary adjustment just by saying that all wars are horrible? Or do we say that nothing in our history lays more of a moral claim on Americans? The test of the United States in Vietnam will be represented not by our ability to exterminate the Vietcong but by our determination to save lives where we can, to make mercy just as central as military operations, and to put the individual human being first.

It is estimated that it costs the United States about $100,000 to kill one member of the Vietcong. How much is it worth to us to keep people alive? Why should instant dollars be available for bombs but only pennies wrapped in red tape for medical care and rehabilitation? Why should the American people be satisfied with the explanation that the hospitals seen by Mr. Churchill are under the jurisdiction of the South Vietnam government and that it would be interference to try to set things straight? In military matters, we have no difficulty in running the war the way we

(*Continued on page* 78)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Assessing the "New Right"

JAMES J. KILPATRICK's philosophy in "The New Right: What Does It Seek?" [*SR*, Oct. 8] apparently agrees with the slogan: "That government is best which governs least." This is a workable ideal only if the responsibility for the growth of democracy be felt by each political party, by each state legislature, and by each citizen.

In a country where the citizen removes himself from the problems of others, where the state is incapable of providing for its people and enforcing the guarantees of our country's constitution, or refuses to do so, there is no alternative to a federal government with ever increasing power, bureaucracy, and budgets. Let the conservatives who already control a good many state legislatures practice what they preach—responsible decentralized government—and they will gradually get back what they have abdicated.

(MRS.) ELEANOR W. MERRITT.

Champaign, Ill.

I WOULD LIKE to reply to Mr. Kilpatrick that I know from my own observation of different towns in which I have lived that the local taxpayers get more for their money when the federal government, with its inspectors, is involved. Contractors can't "cut corners" with the "feds" as their friends in the courthouses and city halls allow them to do.

STANTON HUDSON.

Fort Scott, Kan.

IN RESPONSE TO Mr. Kilpatrick's article on "The New Right," as the United States continues to grow so will needs for better housing and better education, and it becomes increasingly evident that great cooperation is required among our governmental administrations.

Perhaps the present administration is making absurd, sometimes tragic mistakes, but at least the American people are becoming aware of the fact that gumption alone is not the answer to our problems.

JOHN MILES.

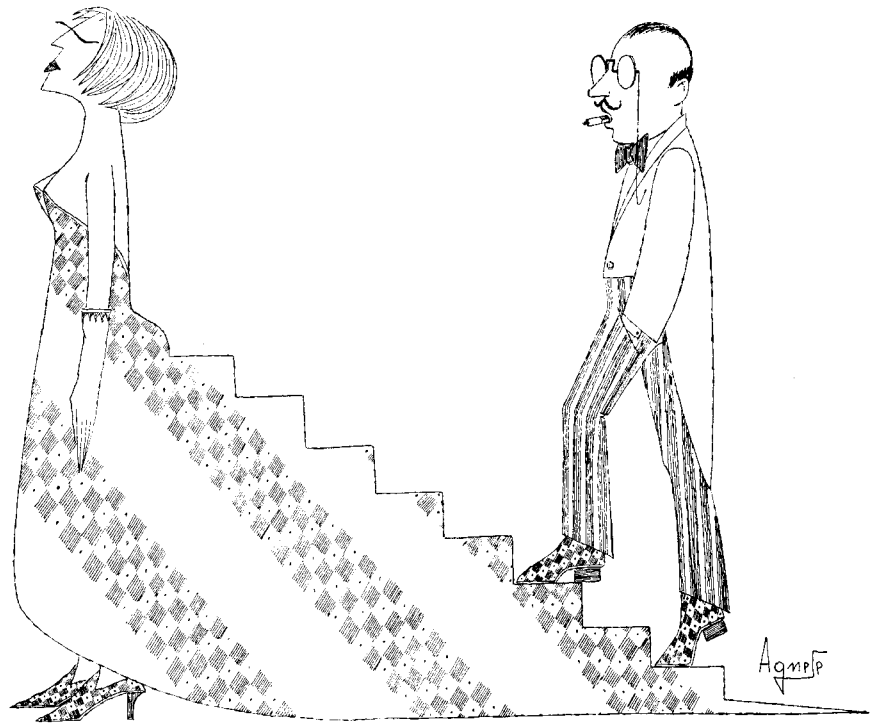
Dodge City, Kan.

"A Delicate Balance"

WHILE HENRY HEWES's review of Albee's *A Delicate Balance* is the best of the many that I have read, neither Mr. Hewes nor any other reviewer has articulated the real essence of the play.

Albee is dealing with a very old theme—reality vs. illusion. In most plays on this theme the resolution between the two has been ambiguous. O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* is a good example. Albee, on the other hand, chooses sides.

The unstated "terror" of Harry and Edna is their sudden awareness of the "reality" of their marriage—an empty alliance of strangers. Agnes suspects that her own marriage is an illusion. She refuses to succumb to the terror of such an awareness and takes upon herself the responsibility of sustaining the illusion and preserving the



delicate balance. By insisting that Harry and Edna leave, Agnes is choosing her illusion of a happy marriage over the reality reflected by the marriage of Harry and Edna.

JOHN S. VAN DE MOTTER.

Winnetka, Ill.

I WOULD LIKE to call attention to a point made by Henry Hewes in his review of *A Delicate Balance*. Agreeing with Mr. Hewes that Rosemary Murphy as Claire, the "drunk but not alcoholic" sister, has the best-honed lines in the play does not detract from the fact that Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn speak words that are as elegant as anything heard on the Broadway stage in many a season.

MICHAEL JAY COHEN.

Irvington, N.J.

Tributes to a Tribute

I HAVE JUST READ Goodman Ace's tribute to Gertrude Berg [TOP OF MY HEAD, Oct. 8] and I think it is a classic. I know just exactly what he means. Growing up as I did in the days of radio's zenith, I find that the people who made up radioland are as real to me as my own relatives.

(MRS.) CHRISTINE DAUGNEAUX.

Dayton, O.

GOODMAN ACE's tribute to Molly Goldberg was so well written and deeply touching that, hard-boiled as I am, I found myself shedding a tear or two.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH SAROLEA.

New York, N.Y.

Eddie Logan Remembered

I READ Richard L. Tobin's recollection of the George Daley-Eddie Logan incident involving Phar Lap [PHOENIX NEST, Sept. 17] with interest.

Eddie Logan will always be a bright spot in my memory. He ran the desk on Sunday nights at the *Herald Tribune* when the pressures weren't as enormous as on Saturdays, and I used to pick up $3 covering some obscure canoe-racing regatta, putting in a mere sixteen hours for the money.

I remember covering a regatta in Central Park which ended early, so that I turned in a piece which he read himself, the other copyreaders apparently not having come in yet. I was sitting at Harry Cross's typewriter, idly scratching my dandruffy poll, or maybe even indulging in a grosser pastime like picking my nose, when this gnomish man swung around, rose, came over, and in a barely distinguishable nasal voice said, "That's a nice story, Mr. Rosenthal."

Eddie's gone and so is the newspaper business as I knew it—both the glamour years and the struggle. But thirty years later, Eddie Logan has achieved as much immortality as has any man.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL,
Public Relations Director,
Continental Football League.

New York, N.Y.

Avon Who?

IT WAS *bound* to happen *somewhere*. Your cartoon captioned "Avon who?" [*SR*, Sept. 17, page 39] tickled me. I showed it to my husband, who was unmoved. There was a knock on the door. He opened it. Someone said something. He broke up. I went to the door and a befuddled young woman said, "All I said was, 'Avon calling!' "

MRS. W. D. WEBER.

Baton Rouge, La.

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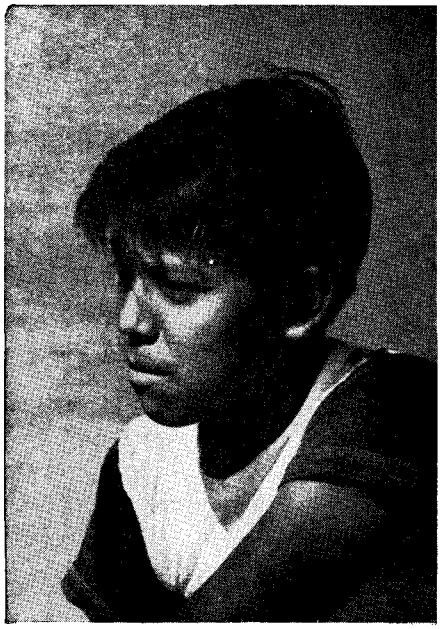

The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

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Can TV Overcome?

THE NEW television season has revealed noteworthy progress in the white man's willingness to share his fantasy world with viewers of other races. If one assumes that a sharing of power in the real world can flow from entertainment images of mutual accommodation, this is a positive social gain. The small screen still has a long way to go but steps are being taken.

Six new regular programs added to the television schedules feature permanent non-Caucasian roles. Two white men play "good Indians" in shows on ABC Television (*The Monroes* and *Hawk*). The first is a period Western, but the second is set in contemporary New York and its hero (Burt Reynolds) is a "full-blooded Iroquois Indian," a detective on the city's police force. Wayne Grice is his Negro partner. *Star Trek* (NBC), a Space Age, science-fiction series set "in the distant future," takes what is undoubtedly television's first step in cosmic integration. The Chief Science Officer (Leonard Nimoy) of the USS *Enterprise*, a spaceship for interplanetary exploration, has a human mother and a father from another planet. Another member of the spaceship's crew is an Oriental (George Takei); Nichelle Nichols plays a Negro girl officer aboard.

Kato (Bruce Lee), the Oriental butler in *The Green Hornet*, is back in a new ABC television version. Negro actors Greg Morris and Rockne Tarkington have permanent roles in *Mission Impossible* (CBS) and *Tarzan* (NBC). Crowd scenes, long distinguished by their WASP—White Anglo-Saxon Protestant—pallor this season are marked by multiracial complexions, and a few older programs feature Negro actors.

But a moment's reflection on the new racial mix reveals that television's fantasy integration is, in all cases but one (*Hawk*), confined to the past, the future, or to quaintly geographical (*Daktari, Tarzan*) or perversely unrealistic (*Hogan's Heroes*) locales. The more intimate patterns of contemporary American life, as reflected in the situation comedies, are still out of bounds to integration in writing or casting.

Variety, the trade entertainment weekly, recently reported that a producer "almost" sold a television series about a Negro family. It was rejected after "serious thought." The programs now being shown on television were planned perhaps a year ago before the "Black Power" development in the civil rights struggle and the apparent "white backlash." One hopes that the television producers, in their future planning, will not respond to the present tension by cutting back on their multiracial-story approaches, for a crisis of confidence is involved here both for whites and blacks. If whites are afraid of Negroes moving into their world, many Negroes, particularly among the poorer citizens, are timid and hesitant about entering the white man's world.

The latter aspect of the racial problem may be observed in the campaign of the Broadcast Skills Bank to advance the employment of Negroes in the industry. The "Bank" was established by the National Urban League in cooperation with the three networks and Group W, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company. Donald H. McGannon, Group W president, is chairman of the industry organization. He has an outstanding record for minority employment practices at his own stations, and he has aggressively led the cause in the industry as a whole. Yet, he has said, most jobs continue to be filled by whites, in spite of serious efforts to recruit and train personnel. Negroes hold back because they suspect, and are cynical about, "tokenism," and because the less educated are psychologically unprepared. Middle-class Negroes are employed in executive or craft capacities in broadcasting. The important thing is to accelerate the movement of the less advantaged Negroes into that middle class.

TELEVISION'S fantasy world does more than provide entertainment: It structures a belief in what is possible in the real world. If key values of income and deference are shared by whites in the fantasy world, minorities can more easily be persuaded that such sharing can be extended to their own lives. They could be helped, thus, to overcome their anxieties about entering the white man's world. Television producers, experiencing a multiracial occupational situation, would be helped in overcoming their own fears of reflecting minorities truly in their fantasy products. The process would thus be mutually beneficial.

A broadening of human rights and dignity among all races is, in the final analysis, more an internal than an external overcoming. Television's power to hasten this inner overcoming is probably awesome.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

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Rector for a Dead God

ALTHOUGH I missed Iris Murdoch's first novel, *Under the Net,* when it was published in 1954, I caught up with it a little later because I had undertaken to review its successor, *Flight from the Enchanter.* Since then I have read each of her novels as it has appeared, always with pleasure and admiration, though of course I have liked some better than others. Her tenth, *The Time of the Angels* (Viking, $5), is one that I like very much indeed. In fact, it seems to me to be her best since *A Severed Head* (1961). There is much to be said for the intervening novels, *An Unofficial Rose, The Unicorn, The Italian Girl,* and *The Red and the Green,* but this is top-quality Murdoch.

In reviewing *The Sandcastle* (1957) I wrote, "No one is more skillful or more plausible than Miss Murdoch in creating men and women who are highly unconventional if not a little mad," and everything she has written since bears me out. In *The Time of the Angels* seven or eight characters whose behavior can only be described as unpredictable are brought together in a number of complex and constantly changing relationships. The central figure, though he is rarely on stage, is Carel Fisher, a priest of the Church of England, who has been assigned to a rectory in the London slums that is about to be demolished. With him are his daughter, Muriel, and his niece and ward, Elizabeth, who is a semi-invalid. Also accompanying him is his housekeeper, Pattie O'Driscoll, illegitimate child of an Irish mother and a Jamaican father, and we soon learn that she was for some time his mistress. The caretaker of the rectory is a Russian emigré named Eugene Peshkov, whose son, Leo, is handsome, irresponsible, and precocious in wickedness. The only important character who does not live under the rectory roof is Carel's brother Marcus, a schoolmaster and amateur philosopher.

Miss Murdoch has a deceptively forthright manner of introducing her characters. That is, she makes direct statements about them in a way that is currently unfashionable, but what she says, though always true, is rarely the whole truth. Of Muriel and Elizabeth, for example, she writes: "The girls prided themselves on being theoretical immoralists of some degree of refinement. Being high-minded and superior and tough made them by a natural development nonmoral and free. They were not themselves tempted by excesses. They lived indeed the strictly ordered life which Muriel imposed and Elizabeth accepted. But they took it for granted that all was permitted." We are near the end of the book before we realize all that this statement implies and in what ways it has to be qualified.

Miss Murdoch moves the story along smoothly, and then abruptly, as often in her novels, there is an unexpected and explosive climax. It has elements of both slapstick and melodrama, but it gets the effect the author wanted.

Trained in philosophy and for many years a teacher of the subject at Oxford, Miss Murdoch has a persistent interest in the large questions about man and the universe that the philosophers have always raised. She is particularly interested in the consequences of disbelief in God. Many people say there is no God, but, she holds, few are capable of feeling deep in their beings what that denial involves. The seemingly demented rector in this novel, Carel, is one of the few who really know that God is dead. As he says in an argument with his brother Marcus, a conventional sort of skeptic, "Oh, yes, people have often uttered the words, but no one has believed them." "Perhaps Nietzsche did for a little," he adds, but Nietzsche went mad. He continues: "Any interpretation of the world is childish. Why is this not obvious? All philosophy is the prattling of a child. The Jews understood this a little. Theirs is the only religion with any real grimness in it. The author of the Book of Job understood it. Job asks for sense and justice. Jehovah replies that there is none. There is only power and the marvel of power, there is only chance and the terror of chance."

Later Carel says, "The death of God has set the angels free. And they are terrible." "Those with whom the angels communicate are lost." Marcus does not know what Carel means by his talk about angels, and neither do I, but it was not Miss Murdoch's intention to present a coherent philosophy. She is interested not in Carel's theories but in Carel, and what he does is more important than what he says.

Some of Miss Murdoch's novels, such as *Flight from the Enchanter* and *A Severed Head,* have large elements of fantasy, whereas others are predominantly realistic. But, as she once said in an interview, "In real life the fantastic and the ordinary, the plain and the symbolic, are often indissolubly joined together, and I think the best novels explore and exhibit life without disjoining them." They are not disjoined in *The Time of the Angels.* The setting itself—the ruined rectory, the rumble of the subway trains, the only briefly interrupted fog, Carel's

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constant playing of Tchaikovsky—suggests that something more is involved than the simple reproduction of everyday experience. To certain of the other characters, especially Pattie but also Marcus, Carel appears to be a superhuman figure, and the story, like that in *A Severed Head*, may be regarded as a myth.

The theme of the novel is Dostoevskyan, but the technique is close to that of the comedy of manners. All through the early part of the book the author comments wittily on the behavior of her characters, and even after the most serious note has been sounded there is an ironic epilogue, in the course of which two or three screws are given additional twists. In telling the story Miss Murdoch moves freely from one point of view to another, but we never enter the mind of either Carel or Elizabeth, and the latter is not given a chance, as the former is, to speak for herself. We know them only as the others do, and we are aware that our knowledge is partial.

In a lecture she delivered at Yale several years ago Miss Murdoch said: "Form is the temptation of love and its peril, whether in art or life: to round off a situation, to sum up a character. But the difference is that art has *got* to have form, whereas life need not." Life, she warned, may be sacrificed to form, reality twisted to suit the needs of art. "To combine form with a respect for reality with all its odd contingent ways is the highest art of prose." What she preached Miss Murdoch beautifully practices.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1212

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1212 will be found in the next issue.

OLWSPROKI OP JIVEROQIVC IEPC RU AIEJ; OR OP WSPROKI RFER FSJRP.

—F. V. BILKNIL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1211

Whistling to keep up courage is good practice for whistling.

—HASKINS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Book Price Trends

I REGRET THAT, though David Dempsey himself is hardly at fault, his article "The Best Title of All" [*SR*, Oct. 1] is seriously inaccurate in its statement about book price trends. Mr. Dempsey states that book prices to libraries have risen 45 per cent since the 1957-1959 base period in contrast with a 9 per cent increase in the consumer price index. This figure is derived, perhaps at second hand, from a mistitled *Library Materials Index*, which does not in fact purport to record prices actually paid by libraries for books. That index is simply an arithmetical average of the retail list prices of all hard-covered books published annually for the book trade. It excludes backlist books, paperbounds, encyclopedias, book-club books, and specially bound library editions, which among them in fact make up the majority of library purchases. It records only list prices, from which American libraries traditionally have been granted discounts.

Even more serious, the *Library Materials Index* is not weighted in any way. A hundred-dollar art book which sells fewer than 1,000 copies has exactly the same weight in the index as a $4.95 novel that sells 250,000 copies. These would be added and divided by two to produce an "average" book price of $52.47½! As a result, what the 45 per cent change from 1957-1959 measures is not primarily a change in prices of comparable books but primarily a change in proportions of different kinds of books in the output of titles. In 1957 about 10,000 different hard-cover books were published; in 1965 about 20,000. Most of this increase fell in the categories of advanced scientific, technical, and medical books; university press books; art books; and very small editions (fewer than 1,000 copies, sometimes fewer than 500) of long out-of-print and expensive scholarly books and series reprinted by specialized firms primarily for university libraries. All of these are very expensive books to produce and are published in small editions; hence their prices are relatively high. Though they make up a very small proportion of total *sales*, they are a very high proportion of the total *titles*, and their addition to the "mix" is the principal explanation of the sharp increase in the *Library Materials Index*. Precisely the same kind of statistical illusion can be produced in reverse by including paperbound books in the calculation and noting that the average price received by publishers per copy sold has remained almost unchanged in some recent years (which is true, but which measures not price trends but the increasing proportion of paperbounds in sales). Both kinds of figures are meaningless as a measure of actual price changes.

There exists in fact no accurate general measure of price changes of comparable books, but an informed guess would put the change somewhat, though not greatly, more than that in the consumer price index but considerably less than the increases of materials and of wages and salaries in book production. We can say with some precision, however, what the price increases have been in recent years for comparable special library editions. That increase has been about 2.4 per cent a year, less than the movement of other prices and much less than increases in printers' and binders' wages, salaries, or the cost of paper and binding cloth.

In view of the fact that British libraries get only 10 per cent off retail prices and that most European libraries pay the full retail price at the bookstore, American libraries (though they pay much more than European libraries for everything else they buy, including—happily—two to four times as much for salaries) I believe pay less, not only proportionately but in actual dollars and cents, for their books than libraries anywhere else in the world.

DAN LACY,
Managing Director,
American Book Publishers Council, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Clemens vs. Cash

IT MAY BE TRUE, as Justin Kaplan writes, that Mark Twain was "obsessed in his life and work by the lure, the rustle and chink and heft of money," and that he wrote a kind of "pornography of the dollar" (whatever that means) and also that he did desire to make a million dollars, as A. Grove Day states in his review of *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* [*SR*, June 18]. Yet a curious fact emerges—he apparently often turned down rather large offers of money. For example, Mr. Kaplan tells us, "He turned down Redpath's offer of $5,000 a month to lecture that fall, saying he was already making more money than necessary." The author states that "When the *Herald* started a subscription fund to help him pay off his debts, he declined the contribution and asked the *Herald* to close the list and return the money." (Here Mr. Kaplan informs us that Mr. Clemens hesitated a few days before doing so.) Also we learn that he turned down an offer of $50,000 and all expenses for 125 nights in America, "having decided a hard winter of traveling would destroy Livy's health and unwilling to leave her behind in her depression."

Mr. Kaplan also tells us that after Mark Twain went bankrupt, he paid back his debts; although "he had no legal obligation to pay 100 cents on the dollar," he did so. Here the author is careful to point out that Mark Twain's wife insisted on this. Yet, on the other hand, he several times tells the reader that Twain was influenced by Livy only to the extent he wished to be. What is one to make of all this?

MRS. A. R. SULLIVAN.
Brandon, Vt.

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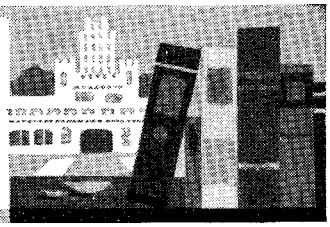
Perspective



Blue Blood

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In SR's new monthly feature,* PERSPECTIVE, *the British historian J. H. Plumb will view contemporary curiosities and mores in the context of their antecedents. Dr. Plumb, a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is general editor of Knopf's History of Human Society series and the author himself of, among other titles, "Men and Centuries," "The Renaissance," "The First Four Georges," and "Sir Robert Walpole."*

By J. H. PLUMB

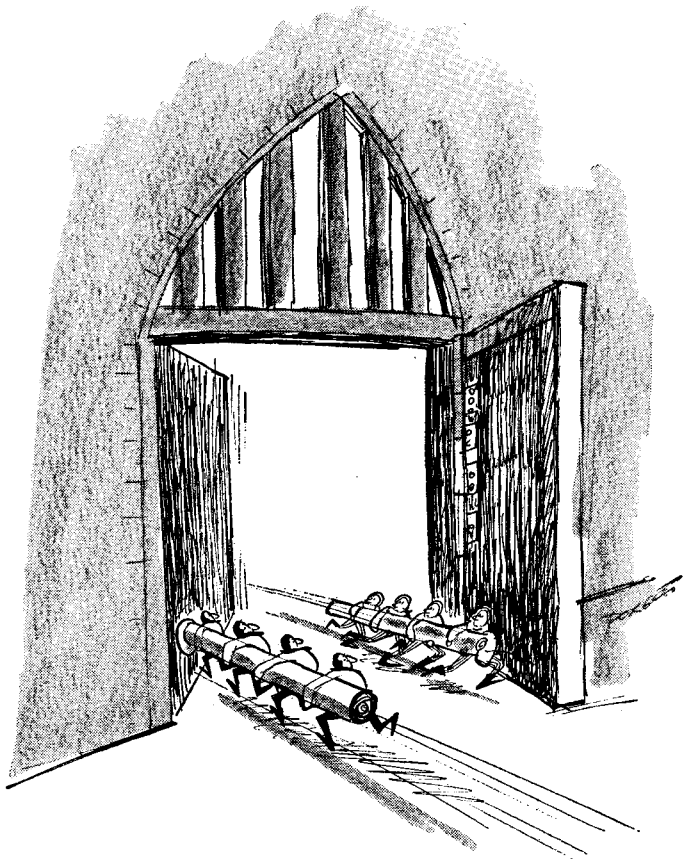
FOR SOME years now, retired army colonels have been casting a severely professional eye over the foothills of the Downs that rise beyond Pevensey Bay. Naval commanders have been surveying the seacoast, cottages have been hired by professional writers, television teams and film producers have cluttered the local pubs. The *marquis* has been at work, and French slogans in sky blue have been daubed on Battle Abbey, Hastings Castle and—latest outrage of all—Hastings football stadium; an irritated Englishman has offered £100 reward for their capture, to which the French neatly riposted, this time in English:

> You seek them here,
> You seek them there,
> You English seek them everywhere,
> Are they in England or on the sea
> These elusive men from Normandy?

However, goodwill is still in the ascendant, and C. T. Chevallier, the clerk of the Battle and District Council, has expressed the hope in print that General de Gaulle will be standing on Senlac Ridge on the morning of the 14th October. The great Norman Conquest bonanza is on. Within eighteen months we shall have a stupendous film epic. Doubtless Rupert Furneaux was well aware that this might be so when he wrote *Invasion 1066* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95); one suspects this was a stronger motive than his descent (thirty generations) from one of the Conqueror's bandits. His book opens like a film; much of it is written in an urgent historical present: "'Deploy, deploy,' they cry. 'Form line of battle,' they command. A tumult breaks out. Trumpets blow, bugles call; the thin piping notes of horns add to the din. Officers shout, sergeants bellow, horses neigh, the divisions billow and swell." And so on. Nor does Mr. Furneaux fear to put dialogue into the mouths of his characters. The Conqueror utters his commands in archaic English. Of course, Mr. Furneaux is too good a journalist not to get the bones of his story accurate, but the surface is a curious mixture. Still, the film company could do worse than to use Mr. Furneaux as an adviser. Personally I prefer Allan Lloyd's straightforward account, *The Making of the King 1066* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6), which possesses little pretense to scholarship, but offers less pretension. It is good, historical journalism—the color not overdone, the style never overblown, and what scholarship it has is reasonable.

Nowadays it is natural for scholars to want to turn an honest penny when such a golden chance as the 900th anniversary of Britain's greatest humiliation turns up on the calendar. Some got in nearly ten years ago with a magnificent reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry, replete with scholarly comment (*The Bayeux Tapestry*, edited by Sir Frank Stenton, 1957)—still the best buy for everyone: those bored with scholarship can look and learn from the superb pictures. But this year the scholars do not come out well. They pad dutifully down the old dusty roads. *The Norman Conquest*, by D. J. A. Matthews (Schocken, $8.50), is beautiful to look at but deadly dull to read. The little commemorative volume, *The Norman Conquest: Its Setting and Impact* (Scribners, $4.50), is no better. The best chapter, by far, is by an amateur—Charles H. Lemmon, who knows the battlefield like the back of his hand and uses his topographical and military knowledge to interpret the rather haphazard accounts of the chroniclers. His contribution is an intellectual delight. The other essays from exceptionally distinguished scholars—Dorothy Whitelock, David C. Douglas, and Frank Barlow—are best forgotten.

Yet in all this plethora of literature the most fascinating aspect of the Conquest has been neglected: its reverberations down the centuries, its extraordinary capacity to spawn myth. The Norman Conquest is one of those very rare events that constantly acquire new historical significance in ages distant from their own and in totally different social structures. It panders to two exceedingly deep human emotions—snobbery and envy: to exclusive caste and the bitter resentment of the dispossessed. The Victorian age was still alive with



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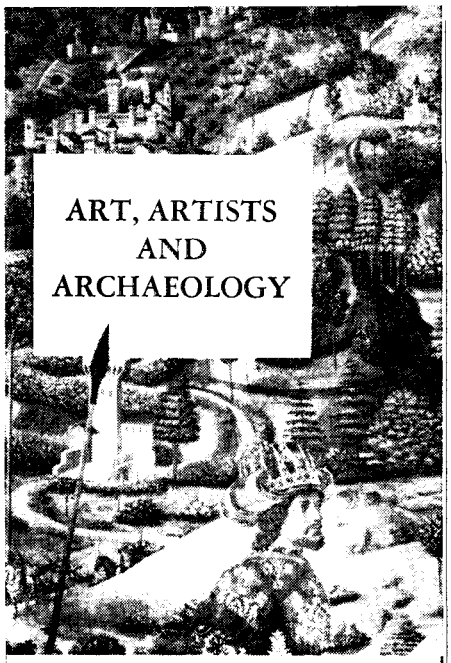

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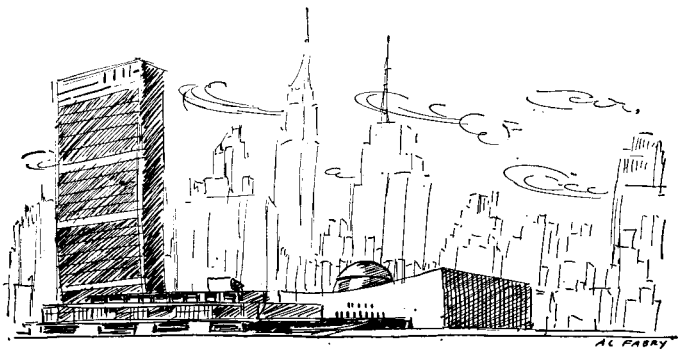
the Norman Conquest: " 'Tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood," boomed Tennyson; and, across the Atlantic, Emerson in more forthright language called the Normans "filthy thieves." Naturally, the Chartists were more vituperative, and Hearney, damning the Normans for their intolerable usurpation of the soil, called the aristocracy the descendants of freebooters. This view that the Normans had robbed the English people of their land was being expostulated as late as 1911. Indeed, the wretched Normans were still irritating correspondents of *The Observer* in 1954. They will not die.

Nor can this be dismissed as lunatic historical propaganda from the radical fringe. By 1911 the argument of the Norman Yoke about the necks of the enslaved Saxons was centuries old; it was the theme of the dispossessed, a focus for its envy, dating to the Middle Ages, when it had some truth. And it was a response to another theme—the deliberate glorification of Norman blood and Norman ancestry by the English aristocracy. As soon as men obtained a title the genealogists rattled them back to the Conquest. The Spencers, Sir Winston Churchill's ancestors, prosperous yeomen sheep farmers in the fifteenth century, acquired with their title Robert Despencer, the Steward of the Conqueror, as their Norman ancestor. Norman blood, blue blood, was the true passport to aristocratic distinction: with it one entered that magic race apart. And, of course, the aristocracy had been a race apart for centuries. French was the language of the Court for generations after the Conquest; indeed, it altered the whole nature of the English language.

No nation can be ruled by an alien aristocracy for centuries without being left with scars. One has doubtless been the intensification of the class divisions that have always riven English society. Men will look to history to justify their arrogance as well as their envy—or turn to it to give them comfort in a hostile world. The cult of medievalism by the nineteenth-century aristocracy was all a part of it: these bogus blue-blooded Normans loathed the new industrial world, and longed for the social security of medieval society with its lords and peasants. Nor was it the British alone who hungered for a Norman ancestry: so did the intelligentsia of New England. They, too, cultivated the Gothic past, spurred on by Henry Adams's idiotic reverence for Mont St.-Michel; and if the Conqueror's host was barred to them for ancestor worship, they still had the Pilgrims: all this was part and parcel of the snobbery that grew and intensified as wave after wave of nondescript European immigrants flowed into the textile mills. Fearful that the Winthrops, Cabots, and Adamses might be submerged in a tidal wave of common humanity, they developed their cult myths, like their British counterparts. But, at least, the British never had any Daughters of the Conquest.

Snobbery is, of course, merely a personal form of racialism (hence the stress on blood and breeding), a desire to create an élite in which birth is the passport to social status and security. And if one laughs at the inanities of the English aristocracy with their bogus genealogies, phoney baronial halls, and their heirs still called D'Arcy, Mortimer, or Plantagenet, it should be remembered that it was not a game but a reality: deliberate symbolism to sharpen social difference. Nor are such attitudes a quaint anachronism or particularly British. What are WASPs but America's Normans, building their own closed world of social intolerance on the shoddiest of all human qualities—birth and breeding—a posture just as spurious, just as savage, with the same intention to humiliate and to exclude.

The myths generated by the Norman Conquest were rooted in abiding human passions—greed and pride. That is why they lasted. Yet it is all very strange, as odd indeed as the desire to see General de Gaulle standing on Senlac ridge on October 14, 1966. Oh, happy thought! And one, I am sure, that the General would not regard as unfitting. Yet there may be more to it. Does it mask a subtler move? Perhaps the only way for Britain to get into the Common Market is to be conquered again!



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A Murderer's Milieu

The Boston Strangler, *by Gerold Frank (New American Library. 364 pp. $5.95), describes the incidents, morbid and bizarre, and the sometimes extraordinary characters involved in a recent true crime story. Rex Stout's latest detective novel is "Death of a Doxy."*

By REX STOUT

IN NINETEEN months of 1962 and 1963, in the city of Boston and its environs, eleven women were sexually "molested" or "abused" and murdered. This book is a full and fascinating account of the march of events. It tells the whole story: the deeds, the victims, the puzzle, the panic, the hunt, the solution, the culprit, the characters.

The deeds: If you skip the details of such deeds because they revolt you, you are called squeamish. If you relish them you are called morbid. But there is an in-between. A mind need not be warped to be interested in the detail that the strangling objects around the victims' necks—Anna Slesers's housecoat cord, Patricia Bissette's blouse, Beverly Samans's handkerchiefs, Joann Graff's leotard, Mary Sullivan's pink scarf, Nina Nichols's and Helen Blake's and Jane Sullivan's and Evelyn Corbin's stockings —had first been knotted hard and tight to kill and then neatly tied in bows.

The victims: Gerold Frank tells you who and what they were, but he doesn't make the mistake of trying to prepare you for tears by making them important to you. He realizes that the fact that Anna Slesers put *Tristan und Isolde* on her record player that Thursday afternoon is worth noting only because she would be dead in an hour.

The puzzle: Who, and why; and where was the murderer? Or, when it got to six, and seven, and eight murders, was it not he, but they? If you like puzzles here is a superior one, and Mr. Frank gives you all the facts there were to work on.

The panic: Hundreds of writers have tried to put their readers into a terrorized community, to make them *feel* mass panic, but apparently it can't be done. Mr. Frank describes it quite well —the locked doors, the looks over shoulders, the plumbers and delivery boys refused admittance—but he can't make you taste it. You might like to meet the woman who phoned the police that her husband was "acting strange," but nineteen women who phoned the police that their husbands were acting strange? Now really.

The hunt: From July 1, 1962, on, Boston's 2,600 policemen and detectives were searching for the strangler, and after the attorney general of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took charge of the investigation in January 1964, more than 4,000 people were officially at it. They followed hundreds of leads, interviewed thousands of people, checked on dozens of suspects, considered scores of theories, consulted various psychologists and criminologists, and collected roomfuls of records and reports. All of that mighty effort was futile, but Mr. Frank's account of it is by no means all dull reading. Much was mere routine, but there are many high spots, such as Steve Delaney's year-long tail on Carl Virtanen, who had admitted that he had "terrible things on my mind."

The solution: There wasn't any. "Solve" is a transitive verb, and no one solved the puzzle.

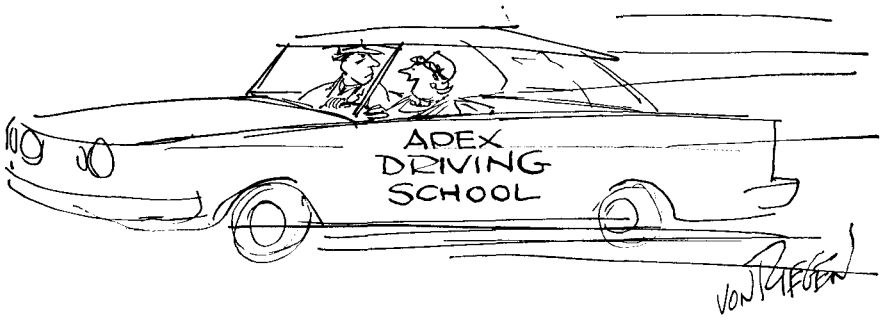
The culprit: He confessed. He told a man named George Nassar, a fellow inmate at Bridgewater State Hospital, that he was the strangler, and Nassar told his lawyer, Lee Bailey, and Bailey moved. Equipped with a tape recorder, he went to Bridgewater and questioned the man, who told him that not only was he the strangler, he had sexually assaulted about a thousand women in recent years. He gave many details—for instance, the bow knots. He said that years before, when he had fastened the removable casts on his daughter Judy's crippled hip, he had tied the cords in bows because she was a sweet little girl and the bows had made it prettier. He told much more about Judy and the bows later, under hypnoanalysis by Dr. William J. Bryan, Jr. I add a footnote: Again later, replying to an official request for the strangler's employment record, the owner of the construction-maintenance firm for which he had worked ended his report with this: "He had unbelievable strength, and endurance way beyond anything that could be expected of the average man. He was completely lovable to every individual while working for me. Never was there any deviation from the highest proper sense of things."

The characters: I have saved the best till the last. By "characters" I mean the strange, the fascinating men and women who had nothing to do with the strangler or his deeds, but who have been exposed to public view because of them. There are dozens in this book. With some Mr. Frank gives their real names; with others he uses aliases; but he sticks to the record.

There is David Parker, twenty-two, one of the suspects, a brilliant former Harvard student with an I.Q. of 160, close to genius, who darkened his face with Man-Tan, danced in the streets, wore earrings and sandals (in January), and kept a dagger stuck in his sash. When married a week, he had seized his bride by the throat, bent her back on the bed, squeezed some, and then suddenly backed off, said majestically, "I have decided that I shall not strangle you," and walked out.

There is Dr. Jonathan Logan, in his late twenties, the wholesale pickle salesman masquerading as a doctor, with the names of more than 500 women in his address book, who was modest about his achievements, and who told a police lieutenant, "I found out that if they'll smile they'll talk, and if they'll talk they'll—" and spread his hands apologetically.

There is Paul Gordon, forty-three, advertising copywriter, who had satisfied himself and his wife that he had ESP. He gave a detective a full description of the strangler and other details about him: he was in some kind of hospital or



"Suddenly I feel so anti-pedestrian!"

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home, but not confined, and when he was at large he slept in cellars. Shown photographs of six men who had records as sex offenders, Gordon picked one as the strangler. It was Arnold Wallace, a mental patient at Boston State Hospital with ground privileges. The detective knew about him, knew that he had walked off a few days before and had been sleeping in the basements of apartment houses. Aha. But it took only two months to eliminate Arnold Wallace. Gordon, with his ESP, gave the police so many details of the scenes of the deeds that he was himself a suspect to the end.

There is Lew Barnett, twenty-five, black and tall and handsome, who practiced what he called "constructive lovemaking" and invited lie detector tests, apparently hoping to learn the truth about himself. There is Margaret Callahan, who telephoned the police more than a hundred times to tell them that Dr. Lawrence Shaw was the strangler, though she must have known he wasn't. There is Thomas O'Brien, identified as the strangler by Peter Hurkos, the Dutch mystic. O'Brien quit sixty jobs in a few years, filled a page of his diary with five words in large capitals: ALWAYS RUN FROM TEMPTATION INSTANTLY, and told the police, "I am doing all that is humanly possible to master human nature."

Those are a few samples of the many noteworthy characters put on display at random by the Boston strangler and his deeds. There are thousands of such specimens in the books, fiction and nonfiction, on my shelves, and these are welcome additions to that distinguished company. I am grateful, not to the strangler certainly, but to Gerold Frank.

Life True to Art

Forty Years with Berenson, *by Nicky Mariano (Knopf. 352 pp. $6.95), recalls the author's residence at the Tuscan villa of the great Renaissance collector, who held that one's life should have the significance of a work of art. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein, a former member of the White House Staff, is now Special Assistant for Cultural Affairs, New York City.*

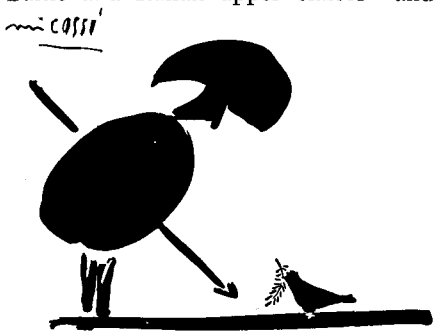
By BARBARALEE D. DIAMONSTEIN

PEOPLE have their decidedly individual reactions at mention of the name Bernard Berenson. To some he was too much the ego rampant, a man trying to live the *grand seigneur* role in an age which had wisely repudiated it. To others he was a magnificent success at what he sought to be, a *quattrocento* figure in a grubbier world, ennobling everything he touched with the gifts of erudition, exquisite judgment, and a contagious delight in the beauties and graces of living. Whatever the personal reaction, as the date of Berenson's death recedes his significance becomes the more uncontestable. He was not only a major figure in the development of the history of art but a catalyst in Western civilization.

Most readers will have their impressions of the man from his two autobiographical works, *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* and *Rumor and Reflection.* To these Nicky Mariano's volume is no small addition. As a young girl she went to work for Bernard and Mary Berenson, first as librarian and then as general assistant, and for forty years she was an intimate at the extraordinary villa, I Tatti, which they established in the golden Tuscan hills. She writes not only with firsthand knowledge but with perception, verve, and a convincing balance.

Naturally, *Forty Years with Berenson* has a pervadingly worshipful tone, but Miss Mariano could also see the warts on her hero's face. The endless flirtations, the Vesuvian rages, the atavistic irrationalities are all here too. There was even plain, primitive superstition in this hypercultivated man. "From his Early Days in Lithuania," Miss Mariano writes, "B. B. had kept up a curious ritual—that of seeing the moon under the most favorable circumstances. It became a habit to detect the slender silvery shape as early as possible but not on a Friday and not through glass. I see ourselves peering on at the sunset sky in the most different countries and climates, on the banks of the Nile as in Manchester Square."

Miss Mariano first sketches her own background—she was a daughter of the Baltic and Italian upper classes – and thus makes clear how she could glide into intimacy with the remarkable ménage. Then came the long years of B. B's flowering, the lengthy art pilgrimages, the incessant work on the library at I Tatti, the prickly production of Berenson's own works—above all, the revolving door of visitors to the villa. Far more than any other writing, Miss Mariano's memoir emphasizes the highly significant role of Mrs. Berenson in developing her husband's way of life. Except for occasional passages in B. B.'s own work, no other book gives quite the same sense of tempo, ritual, and meaning of the scene as the visitors came and left I Tatti.



And come they did, the mandarins of Western culture — John Maynard Keynes, Edith Wharton, Walter Lippmann, Yehudi Menuhin, Count Hermann Keyserling, Benedetto Croce. Miss Mariano's sketches of these personalities are extremely uneven. Some are just a few words, and not too penetrating words at that. Others are delightful, rewarding vignettes; and she achieves a genuinely notable contribution in the whole chapter that she devotes to Edith Wharton. This complex woman no longer seems merely the icy figure of the usual account. There were also a sweetness and warmth, and more than a little vulnerability.

Miss Mariano is most successful in conveying the essence of what was really happening as the incessant talk went on at the Berensons'. The aging ascetic would sit making his points, now trenchantly, now overreconditely, now abrasively, amiably, or bewilderingly. The reactions would come in an equal confusion of tones. But always there was the atmosphere that here was a genuine center of Western civilization in all its aspects, where people of enormously varying talents came, stimulated each other, went away with a sense of renewal and a heightened awareness of the glory, the complexity, and the irony of that tradition.

It was a way of life that could have been created only in the nineteenth century. Even before Berenson's death in 1959 at the age of ninety-four, the whole enterprise of I Tatti had about it the unmistakable air of the antique. But what Berenson was trying to say through I Tatti, what he himself at his best did live, and what Miss Mariano has caught so well in this book is as timeless as the new moon rising over the ancient villa.

"From childhood up," Berenson summarized it all, "I have had the dream of a life lived as a sacrament. With the years it merged into the wish that it could be lived with the significance of a work of art—as independent as each of the arts should be and, like them, flowing from the same source in the human spirit."

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Magician of Innocent Wonder

By ANNA BALAKIAN

"I MAY live another ten years but my work is done," André Breton said in the fall of 1964, the last time I saw him. On September 28 the founder of the surrealist movement died of a heart attack, having attained exactly the Biblical three score years and ten, though he was deprived of those bonus years that his senior confrères such as Mauriac, Claudel, Gide, and Romains have enjoyed.

They called him the lion, and indeed his appearance belied his age: His Nordic dimensions beautifully preserved in the erectness of his bearing, his voice virile, his expressive face marked with the furrows of thought rather than age, his thick hair reluctantly graying, he could hardly have played the role of venerable senior poet. He will be identified by posterity with youth and movement, as a powerful figure, a torch. "Old writers should not appear on television," he said in his apartment on the Rue Fontaine. "They should hide their withered faces and let their works speak for them."

At that very moment on the kiosks of Paris André Breton's brightest literary jewel, *Nadja,* first published in 1928, was finally reaching beyond the limited circle of his friends and coterie disciples. This tribute to man the dreamer—crystalized in his youthful adventures with a hallucinated and ethereal heroine—was beckoning as a paperback to a new generation of youth.

Like so many famous Parisians, André Breton had come from the provinces. Born in Tinchebray in the northwestern part of France on February 18, 1896, he brought to the disciplined rationalism of his classic education the imaginative flair of his Celtic ancestry. It takes the confidence of a solid lucidity to challenge the conventional limits attributed to reason as did the young, revolutionary Breton.

Prior to embarking on a literary career the poet studied medicine, and during World War I served in neurological wards of army hospitals, where he discovered in Freud's psychiatry a major resource for the renewal of the arts. But when he confronted Freud with his literary applications of automatism and psychoanalysis the latter's reception was one of puzzlement rather than gratification. "Perhaps I am not made to understand it," said Freud of surrealism, "for I am so far removed from art."

During and after the First World War Breton led the many avant-garde activities rampant in Paris, and with the founding of the surrealist movement in 1924 he organized, directed, and codified the numerous and varied forces for renovation of literary and art forms. To make the dream part of one's waking hours, to liberate the mind for purposes beyond the earning of the daily bread, to discover in human relationships magical contacts and illuminating interchange, to restore the Golden Age of the earth's innocent wonder and communion with things and beings—such should be the function of the poet in the twentieth century, thought André Breton.

HE made clear in his First Manifesto in 1924 that surrealism was not simply a reform in prosody or in the techniques of the artist but a reformation of the mental process of the writer and the artist, and by the same token of the reader and the viewer. Though Breton had no religious faith in the parochial sense of the word, he demanded a destiny beyond the carcass. Other young writers and artists shared his stand against the cynical world that they had inherited. And many collaborated with him in his two major periodicals, *La Révolution Surréaliste,* and *Le Surréalisme au Service de la Révolution.* Some were co-authors with him of psychological experiments in automatic writing, the transcription of dreams and the simulation of the deranged mind—among them Soupault in the earliest prose-poem collection, *Les Champs magnétiques,* and Eluard in *L'Immaculée Conception.* Breton was also influential in publicizing young artists, such as Ernst, Miró, Dalí, Tanguy, and Mata, in his art criticism, of which the most outstanding collection, *Le Surréalisme et la Peinture,* was widely distributed in an American edition during the Second World War. His volumes of verse were illustrated by Picasso, Derain, Magritte, Giacometti, Duchamp, and so many others that the list reads like the hall of fame of modern art.

In the course of the six years that elapsed between the First and Second Manifestoes several of Breton's early affiliates found themselves expelled from the coterie, accused of having compromised their artistic integrity. Breton was also angered that certain comrades had confused the principles of surrealism with the current political dogmas of Communism, in which he saw only feeble and limited applications of the idealism of Engels and Marx.

—*Anne Posener (Pix).*

André Breton (1896-1966)—to the end, "nonslavery to life."

During World War II Breton exiled himself in America, knowing that he would be persona non grata whether the Germans occupied France or the Soviet Army rescued her. In the Far West he marveled at the spontaneity and primitive acceptance of the irrational in Indian art. And when he returned to France after the war, his home was ever to abound in fetish objects and examples of African and Inca art as monuments to the essential creativity of human imagination.

DESPITE the war he had maintained his faith in man and in the eventual federation of a united world. Breton's long poems of the war years, such as "Ode à Charles Fourier" and "Les Etats Généraux," convey, without being circumstantial works, the spiritual climate that prevailed at the founding of the United Nations. In the postwar years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the writing of philosophical essays, which were totally in disharmony with the existentialist attitudes of the epoch. Maintaining to the end his "nonslavery to life," Breton sought no official honors in his own country, and the Nobel Committee bypassed him.

Curiously, little has been written about André Breton's private life. When asked a personal question he would transform it into a humanistic one. Where so many of his contemporaries made literature the mirror of their personal eccentricities and even scandals, he left us with the history of his thought, often difficult to probe because the key words he used

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Anna Balakian, who has written two books on surrealism and its origins, is currently working on a study of André Breton.

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were colored by the particular sense that he gave them in his philosophy.

Only after the wind has subsided can we determine the impact of its movement. The driving force that was André Breton abated a decade before his death; thus there is already much evidence of its effects on the literary and artistic scene. Though regarded by many as a preposterous dream, his god served as a star that guides, if not one that can be reached. Breton electrified with a sense of purpose and solidarity many who were uncomfortable in the role of artist in a mechanistic society.

Art, unimpeded by the unfortunate barriers of language, conveyed more universally its applications of esthetic theory as Ernst, Dalí, Tanguy, Man Ray, and others, each in his own manner but all affected by their relationship with Breton, demonstrated obvious kinships in their basic search for a metaphysical vision on earth. In the case of literature the diffusion has been slower because Breton's poetry is virtually untranslatable, and his prose is generally too dense and cryptic, too lacking in the Gallic *esprit,* to recommend itself to popular reading. However, French literary criticism suggests by its ever-increasing references to Breton his predominant presence today in problems of esthetics, and the consensus is, even among those who were exasperated by the messianic demeanor of the man, that as Einstein gave new dimensions to the physical concept of the world, so Breton has shaken the notion of reality for the entire realm of the arts.

To an Infant Daughter

WHAT I HAVE LOVED, whether I was able to preserve it or not, I shall love always. As you too will be called upon to suffer in time to come, I wanted to explain this to you in finishing my book. I spoke of a "sublime point" on the mountain. I never expected to make of it my abode. Besides it would have stopped being 'sublime,' and I would have ceased to be a man. Unreasonable as it was to expect to reach it, at least I never lost sight of it. I had chosen to be the guide, I had consequently willed never to become unworthy of the power which, in the direction of eternal love, had made me *see* and granted me the privilege, even more rare, of making others see. I had never been undeserving of it, I have never ceased to make into one the flesh of the being I love and the snow of the summits in the rising sun. —*From "L'Amour fou" (1937).*

Coming November 12th
Fall Books for Children

Sin Was a Chronic Disease

Tremor of Intent: An Eschatological Spy Novel, *by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 240 pp. $4.95), confronts a morally sickened secret agent, on the path to regeneration, with a series of reversals and challenges to the flesh. Saul Maloff, who edited "Young Readers' Treasury of British and American Verse," is literary editor for Newsweek Magazine.*

By SAUL MALOFF

THE PRODIGALLY gifted Anthony Burgess begins his new (or annual) novel with a conscious cliché and ends it in paradox. En route from one to the other, he is heisted by his overreaching ambitions, crossed by his clashing purposes, which, rebounding, ricochet in opposing directions; and though he tries by main force and sheer dexterity to fuse them, they remain at odds—in fact, neutralize one another. Will—abetted by all Burgess's narrative agility and stunning verbal resources—still cannot do the ordering and synthesizing work of the imagination.

In this instance it cannot discover adequate metaphors for radical evil; and without them, the novel falls short of the order of seriousness to which it aspires. Failing that, it achieves a kind of theological farce, or farce-thriller with theological-moral overtones. Burgess merely calls our attention to this cruel dilemma by characterizing *Tremor of Intent* as an "eschatological spy thriller."

The hero is by this time a stock figure—a deliberate mock-up of elements out of Le Carré, Fleming, and Graham Greene: British secret agent Hillier (the name, it may be reported, is allegorical), middle-aging, battered and scarred from previous exploits, exhausted in spirit and morally sickened by the evil inherent in his squalid profession, bound on his final mission before retiring to an anonymous life.

Or so he supposes. The stage is set for a series of reversals; for him and for the reader the rocky road is hilly and hillier. In a climate totally amoral every man is traitor to his brother. Just as Hillier's mission is to betray the only friend we know him ever to have had (a British scientist, Roper—again the name is allegorical—who has defected to the USSR), so he himself is to be betrayed by the nameless, faceless men in his home office—the spring of the novel's action—who cannot possibly allow a veteran agent who knows what he knows to retire to private life. The mission is a ruse for his undoing.

In Hillier's world there is no private life. It is a world from which feeling has been banished as amateur and prewar, as an obstruction, a delusion. There are instead violence and sex, treachery and moral ambiguity.

But the actual content with which Burgess invests his drama is so extravagantly portentous as to be ludicrous—as if Burgess had set out to illustrate the seven deadly sins in garish colors, or charcoal. The "chronic diseases" from which Hillier must redeem himself are those of "gluttony and satyriasis." The setting for much of the action is a cruise ship specializing in gorging and fornication. The lures besetting his stony path are, first, visceral (surely some of the most dazzling menus and wine lists in contemporary fiction); and, second, genital—a sixteen-year-old child-woman whom he seduces, or who seduces him in an encounter symbolically incestuous, and an Indian sex-priestess who inducts him into the Tamil mysteries, by the

—*Laurence Josephs.*

Anthony Burgess—"brilliant, essentially frivolous gestures on the part of a novelist who is capable of anything."

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manual, entry by entry. There is also a pederast (name allegorical, significance obscure) and his thirteen-year-old victim, or victimizer. Nor is that all. In short, a feast for the senses, a banquet for the mind.

Hillier renounces the flesh by immersing himself in it—though the trajectory of renunciation is far from discernible. Suddenly, the erotic gymnast no longer moves him. Suddenly, the spirit stirs within him. Startlingly—or, rather, it would have been startling had not Burgess darkened the air with foreshadows—Hillier submits to the yoke of God, the nubile girl's "father" become her Father (and in the very last line of the novel). Had all this been parody, some of it might have been amusing in a campy way—or, done broadly enough, even hilarious. But one suspects Burgess means it, and that is his undoing. For, as a stock type, Hillier simply cannot contain the burden of ideas imposed on him: the epiphany is merely asserted, and the proclaimed transformation is more shocking than startling, more depressing than elevating. And because he cannot contain the novel's willed ambiguities—heady stuff—they are in the end left to lie there, earth-bound reminders of Burgess' spiraling ambitions, fragments of two novels, neither wholly achieved, though both are brilliant, essentially frivolous gestures on the part of a novelist who is capable of anything.

Displaced But Not Damned

The Boarders in the Rue Madame: Nine Gallic Tales, *by Hallie Burnett (Morrow. 244 pp. $4.50), set in a French pension, concerns various expatriates whose Americanness insulates them from their experiences. Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

IN THIS volume Hallie Burnett describes with the sharp eye of a good local-colorist the Parisian *pension* catering chiefly to Americans. These stories, nearly all of which deal with affairs of the heart, are set in the Pension du Coeur, where European manners are expected at table, where only one portion of meat may be taken (though poor, love-starved, voluptuous Mrs. Fairlie takes two), where young divorcées mingle with professional couples on Fulbrights. One recognizes the customs and the types even if one has never been to Paris.

Most of the stories hinge on the characters' expatriation. Mrs. Fairlie from the Cape of Good Hope tries to seduce cautious George, the only American bachelor. Nancy Greenhill tries to reestablish an old affair with a Frenchman, and fails largely because she expects him to give up his wife. Alexis Gronsky, an exile, tries to convey his love to a young American, and fails largely because he is a model of European courtesy.

The stories in this vein are delicate and gentle, much milder than the bold events they often contain: Nancy in a moment of outrage pushes Pierre down; a Frenchwoman dies in a beauty parlor; a passport is stolen by a German girl who looks surprisingly like its American owner. Mrs. Burnett seems to be saying that, displaced as these Americans are, no real happiness can come to them—nor can any real misfortune. Their Americanness insulates them from experience. Thus the American who tries to keep her little daughter from observing the Frenchwoman's death is forced to acknowledge the inescapability of danger in this world, and as a sign she accepts from the child a forbidden unwashed fruit; yet one knows that she will continue to be frightened and frigid. The Fulbright scholar, about to return home, escapes from his bitchy and stingy wife in the company of an unconvincing demimondaine, but of course he does not go all the way in his descent into hell; and he comes back to his wife, who has had her spree, too—shopping. And the woman who loses her passport, shocked as she is to realize that the thief has, in a sense, stolen her face, has her travelers' checks redeemed after all and gets a new passport.

Hallie Burnett—"a minor, although perfected talent."

The experience of these characters has only a temporary effect, for they seldom seem capable of enlargement or diminution, and one has even a sense that the subdued dénouement in these quiet stories is slightly at odds with the drama or melodrama of the action. By being thoroughly free from violence "Heart Is a Masculine Noun" manages to be completely successful: Alexis realizes that Norma's son, whom he thought a terrible nuisance, is no monster "but a frightened, lonely small boy [in] need of assurances she did not give, of love and generosity that were not in her." His awareness enlarges him, but then, he is not an American.

IN two other stories Mrs. Burnett tries to make her endings bolder. Both stories, it is interesting to notice, take place outside the *pension* atmosphere, beyond local color. In one, "Judgment in Burgundy," a bitter, jealous, and frustrated young woman who is ruining a car trip locks one couple in a deserted and isolated church filled with old graves and pictures of Judgment Day. They retaliate, when the door is finally opened, by leaving Winifred behind to fend for herself. We are led to believe that she deserves it. This story clearly moves beyond the bittersweet, occasionally sentimental delicacy of the others, and yet in order to make it do so the author has had to create in Winifred a monster in whom the reader can't believe.

The other story, "Summer of a Dead Hero," is the best one in the collection. A seventeen-year-old boy is sent to the seacoast for the summer. He discovers love, although he must learn to give up its object, an older woman, and accept a younger girl instead. He discovers as well that he is capable of heroism. Here the violence is not connected with another person but with the ocean, and it is native to the themes of *rite de passage* and immersion in nature. This is the only story in *The Boarders in the Rue Madame* to suggest that Hallie Burnett has more than a minor although perfected talent.

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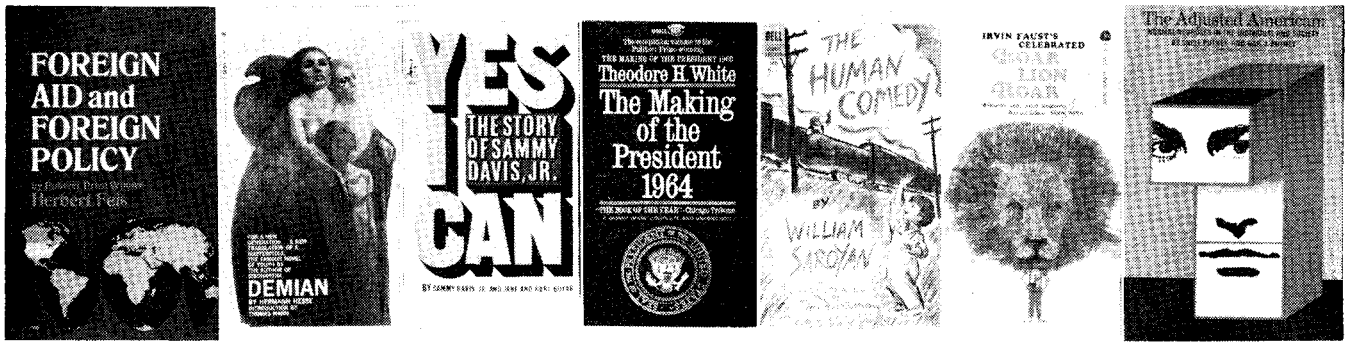

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Just in time to rally voters for the upcoming clash at the polls is New York Senator Jacob K. Javits's *Order of Battle* (Pocket Books, 75¢), a resonant call to arms to the Republican Party. First published in 1964 on the eve of the GOP's defeat, this updated paperback edition reappraises party action during the past two years. Senator Javits, an outspoken liberal, ticked off some comments for *SR*, in his Washington office: "One big plus has been that during 1966 moderates and progressives in the party have displayed a unity of goals as never before," he said. "Governors Rockefeller and Scranton have publicly taken themselves out of consideration for the 1968 Presidential nomination to make way for a moderate-progressive move to consolidate support behind one standard bearer and to support him at the convention." On the subject of the Radical Right, the Senator, never one to shilly-shally about his own stand, handed out no bouquets: "The action of the California State GOP Convention in failing to vote on a proposal to condemn the John Birch Society by name, and the defeat of Idaho Governor Robert Smylie in the Republican primary, indicate very plainly that the forces that led to the party's disastrous defeat in 1964 continue to be very actively at work." . . .

One of the best political reporters around is Theodore H. White. *The Making of the President 1964* (Signet, 95¢) reproduces the sights and sounds of the infighting during the Johnson-Goldwater campaign. Pendleton Herring's *The Politics of Democracy* (Norton, $2.25) gets down to the basics of the party system and makes some astute observations on modern political morality.

Brash, blonde Virginia Graham, the exuberant mistress of ceremonies on TV's lively *Girl Talk* show, has an opinion about everything, paperbacks included, now that she's written *There Goes What's Her Name* (Avon, 75¢), an account of her tragedies and triumphs. "Paperbacks are like cake mixes," she said in her luxurious Manhattan apartment, where the blazing floral décor was outshone only by her own leopard hostess gown and a quarry of diamond bracelets. "They're easy to manage, available, and educating." Her book, a paean to fortitude over cancer, mental illness, and bankruptcy, is crammed with phrases like "zest for life," "joy in sharing," "belief in people," usually classified under C for Corn. "I believe it, all of it," she said, "Clichés? Sure, I live by them. Why do you think they became clichés? Because they are the truths that people have learned through experience." Bromidic, of course, but women love her. "I'm a Pied Piper to women. They follow me, clutch at my arm, interrupt my dinner at restaurants to tell me they adore me. But I don't resent it; that's the responsibility of being a success. As a girl I thought I was homely. I wanted to be loved. Most of all, I wanted to please my mother. I guess I'm still waiting for applause from Mama."

Once in a while a writer gets a second chance. William Saroyan, who has rewritten his wartime success *The Human Comedy* (Dell, 60¢) for its first paperback edition, says: "I didn't decide to revise the story after twenty-five years; I was compelled to do so. It still has flaws. It is still the story it always was, the work of a running young writer at a time of terrible crime, chaos, hysteria, and falsity in the world; but at last I am happy to stand by the book, flaws and all. I shall not revise it again in twenty-five years." . . . New American Library, publisher for the compleat man, has two new series: Signet Classic Poetry, and books for car bugs, a whole shelfful of hot-rod hints. . . . Wesleyan's already distinguished poetry series has just added Harvey Shapiro's lyrical and always contemporary *Battle Report* ($1.85). . . . A publishing experiment is Bantam's attempt to sell Theodore C. Sorensen's *Kennedy* ($1.65) as a gift package. Though more than 300 million paperbacks are sold each year, only a fraction are given as presents. For this edition Bantam has prepared a special clear-view packaging, which encourages looking without browsing. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

What's just as good as a new book in paperback? A difficult-to-come-by old one. A case in point is *The Unpossessed* (Avon, 95¢), Tess Slesinger's only novel. Written more than three decades ago, the book was a great success because of its realistic portrayal of the disenchanted intellectuals of the Thirties. In his appreciative afterword, Lionel Trilling, who knew Miss Slesinger, writes, "From that radicalism came the moral urgency, the sense of crisis, and the concern with personal salvation that mark the existence of American intellectuals." Another novel long unavailable is Hermann Hesse's *Demian* (Bantam, 95¢), an enigmatic tale of an alien hero who shuns the world for a spiritual quest. Published after the First World War, it became a literary influence in its time. Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* (Signet, 95¢), written in 1947, ten years before the author's death, remains his most powerfully reflective work. Granville Hicks called it "one of the major novels of our time." Set in Mexico, it tells of a single tormented day, the last one in the life of a world-weary British consul.

Also noted: *Roar Lion Roar* (Avon, 60¢), a collection of funny, touching stories by Irvin Faust, a young writer of uncommon talent; Günter Grass's *Dog Years* (Crest, 95¢), in which the madness and mayhem of Hitler's Germany are underscored with bitterly ironic prose; *The Best of Damon Runyon* (Hart, 75¢), the best of the guys and dolls who strolled the avenue called Broadway in the twilight years of the Twenties; Mary Stewart's *Airs Above the Ground* (Crest, 75¢), romantic suspense, with Vienna as the Technicolor backdrop.

USA

Paul G. Kauper's *Civil Liberties and the Constitution* (Ann Arbor, $1.95) blows a cool breath of reason on a hotly emotional subject. In a level-headed study of major Supreme Court decisions,

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the author explores the conflict between church and state, obscenity and censorship, and other critical factors affecting individual freedom. An interesting complement is Samuel A. Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties* (Science Editions/Wiley, $1.65), which analyzes a nation-wide survey taken of more than 6,000 Americans to determine how people react when their rights or those of others are threatened. The findings ranged from the obvious to the surprising, among them that women are less willing to tolerate nonconformity than are men, that the older generation and less educated people tend to be "rigid categorizers." It may not add up to anything conclusive, but the book offers an interesting sidelight on how Americans of different backgrounds and locales respond.

The Adjusted American (Harper Colophon, $1.45), by Snell Putney and Gail J. Putney, indicates that many citizens are ambivalent about conformity, wanting it, yet feeling guilty about seeking it. Subtitled *Normal Neuroses in the Individual and Society*, the study deals with common attitudes and goals in American culture. Bernard Asbell's *The New Improved American* (Delta, $1.95) holds that automation is to be welcomed, not feared. "If we are to maintain a national attitude of dreading new machines because they threaten obsolete jobs, we will be much more sensible to go out and campaign against the insidious threat of efficiency," writes Asbell in a book that touches upon racism, poverty, and unemployment.

Biography

Some of the worst autobiographies come from the pen, ghostly or otherwise, of theatrical personalities, people who thrive on fame yet when putting their life on record become astonishingly discreet. Luckily that's not the case with *Yes I Can* (Pocket Books, 95¢), Sammy Davis, Jr.'s history of a lifetime of low blows, written with Jane and Burt Boyar's able assistance. No less flashy a character is Mickey Rooney, who during his years as a star collected and spent some $12 million. His own story of how it happened, *I.E.: An Autobiography* (Bantam, 75¢), is crammed with musing self-analysis; and yet, through the smoggy reflections ("You're never really big in Hollywood. You're only as big as your last picture."), glimmers a real human being coming to terms with himself in a hokey world.

Surely one of the oddest true stories is *A Mother in History*, by Jean Stafford, (Bantam, 75¢), an artful reconstruction of the author's weird conversations with Marguerite Oswald, mother of the alleged slayer of John F. Kennedy. The woman revealed is as possessed as any fictional female who has graced Miss Stafford's pages.

Allen Churchill's *The Roosevelts* (Perennial Library/Harper & Row, 95¢) chronicles a famous American family from the arrival of the first van Rise Rosenvelt from Holland in the seventeenth century through the boisterous exploits of TR to the years under FDR, when the Roosevelt charisma reached its apex.

Among the most cosmopolitan of Soviet writers is Ilya Ehrenburg. His *Memoirs: 1921-1941* (Universal/Grosset, $2.95) is largely a literary reminiscence recalling the people he met and the ideas they shared during his travels throughout Europe, representing, as he often did, the new Russia.

International Scene

The United States has spent some $100 billion on foreign aid in the past twenty years. Four new paperbacks examine this controversial subject from varying points of view. In *Foreign Aid and Foreign Policy* (Delta, $1.95) Herbert Feis, a Pulitzer Prize historian, discusses the shift in attitudes toward overseas largess. Americans formerly thought that foreign expenditures could change the world and anchor allies to us; but now prevailing opinion rejects such optimism. David A. Baldwin's *Foreign Aid and American Foreign Policy* (Praeger, $2.25) documents recent events that forged the links between dollars and diplomacy. *The Free World Colossus*, by David Horowitz (Hill & Wang, $2.45), a provocative reassessment of U.S. actions during the Cold War, finds our policies to have been almost totally negative. Instead of merely reacting to a Communist threat, we should, he asserts, take a positive stride toward peaceful coexistence. George F. Kennan's *Realities of American Foreign Policy* (Norton, $1.25), comprising lectures delivered at Princeton University in 1954, remains timely in its insistence upon a fluid diplomacy "to find means to permit change to proceed without repeatedly shaking the peace of the world."

Like most modern events, the war in Vietnam is not without historical precedents, as Ellen J. Hammer reminds us in *The Struggle for Indo-China 1940-1955* (Stanford, $2.95), an account of the French tussle to maintain a power base in Southeast Asia. In *France 1940-1955* (Beacon, $4.95) Alexander Werth illuminates de Gaulle's present activities by recreating those same crucial years—from Vichy through Western postwar alliances to the Fifties when France again fought.

The Many Faces of Communism, edited by Harry Schwartz (Berkley, 50¢), reprints a variety of articles on contemporary life and thought in the USSR. *The Future of Russia*, by Harry Braverman (Universal/Grosset, $1.95), takes a forward look at events in the Soviet Union and speculates on what will happen socially and politically if its economy continues to thrive.

(Reprinted from Saturday Review, September 9, 1961.)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Not here at Alexandria! If you got them at our Babylon branch, *return* them to our Babylon branch!"

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Science in the Saddle

The Limits of American Capitalism, *by Robert L. Heilbroner (Harper & Row. 150 pp. $4.95), predicts that scientists will be our next governing élite, replacing capitalists. Spencer D. Pollard is a professor of economics at the University of Southern California, an arbitrator of labor-management disputes, and the author of the recently published "How Capitalism Can Succeed."*

By SPENCER D. POLLARD

H. G. WELLS and Thorstein Veblen would have loved this book. They wanted scientists to come and rule over us, and Robert L. Heilbroner says that this will happen. By the time of our children's children, he says, a scientific élite will control "the numbers and location of the population, its genetic quality, the manner of social domestication of children, the choice of life-work—even the very duration of life itself." Those who do not voluntarily obey the scientists will be forced to. "Some authority other than the market must be entrusted with the allocation of men to the essential posts of society, should they lack for applicants." Thus another year, perhaps 2024, succeeds 1984 as the year to look forward to, or to dread, depending upon whether you can learn to love Big Scientist as your dictator.

Capitalism will inevitably be succeeded by scientism, Dr. Heilbroner says, because capitalism is too limited to carry out the possibilities of science. He describes capitalism as a system of citadels of privilege, built-in protections of entrenched wealth, limited social imagination, and narrow market psychology. None of this, he says, will satisfy the zealous desires of new generations of leaders for a crusade to achieve social control to replace the social drift that capitalism allows.

The trouble with Dr. Heilbroner's scientism as a system of political economy is the trouble mankind has always had with ruling élites. How many times has man shouted, "All power to ——" and filled in the blank with kings, generals, priests, churchmen, landowners, upstarts, soviets, proletariats? And has any ruling élite ever fulfilled the hopes of shouting man? The answer is no.

In a sense, therefore, Dr. Heilbroner's advocacy of the dictatorship of scientists is regressive. It does not take account of the new idea of countervailing power which advocates abandonment of the search for a competent ruling class. This theory recommends instead a system of "shared control" in which organized scientists would, like all other groups, have their persuasive voice, but in which no group would dictate. The description of such an economy has been developed by John K. Galbraith in his *American Capitalism* and *The Affluent Society*, and by John R. Commons in *The Economics of Collective Action* as well as in his autobiography, *Myself*.

THE political economy of a system of countervailing power calls for organizations of all groups—capitalists, workers, scientists, educators, students, consumers, the aged, the unemployed, the poor—who are expected to get along together in what Commons calls "an organized equilibrium of equality" in which bargaining, conflict, conference, conciliation, and consensus are the procedures for avoiding the necessity for any governing élite.

The conferences of such organized groups and their political affiliations make it possible for capitalism of the countervailing-power type to build plans to move the economy in desirable directions and thus avoid social drift. In most of the democratic countries of the West capitalism has, by this method, already undertaken programs in such areas as social security, the reduction of poverty, and the restriction of wars. Such projects are not always successful, but it is no longer true that capitalism is incapable of planning to remove defects in its operation when they become visible to the organized groups which share control of the economy.

It will be interesting to see what capitalists and scientists will have to say about the transfer of power predicted by Dr. Heilbroner. We might suspect that most capitalists feel that they are no longer the governing élite in American capitalism. It may very well be, also, that most American scientists will prefer to stay at work in their laboratories, where they command so much respect, rather than risk the uncertainties involved in their becoming the new lords of creation.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

QUAESTIONES LITTERARIAE

You probably know more Latin and Greek than you realized. Claude Williamson writes from London to suggest that you translate each of these words or phrases back into the original Greek or Latin title of a work by the author listed alongside. The bibliography is on page 48.

1. *No Place* by Thomas More: _____
2. *The Tailor Retailored* by Thomas Carlyle: _____
3. *For Girls and Boys* by R. L. Stevenson: _____
4. *Of the Council of Mars' Hill* by John Milton: _____
5. *The Way of the Cross* by F. Marion Crawford: _____
6. *Nuptial Song* by Edmund Spenser: _____
7. *A New Method* by Francis Bacon: _____
8. *A Literary Biography* by S. T. Coleridge: _____
9. *Out of the Depths* by Oscar Wilde: _____
10. *A Defense of His Life* by John Henry Newman: _____
11. *A Physician's Religion* by Thomas Browne: _____
12. *The Love of Books* by Richard de Bury: _____
13. *Whither Goest Thou?* by Henryk Sienkiewicz: _____
14. *I Am Not Such as I Was Under the Reign of Good Cynara* by Ernest Dowson: _____

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Robots in Society's Service

The Myths of Automation, *by Charles E. Silberman (Harper & Row. 148 pp. $4.95), maintains that technology's effects on employment are surface symptoms that have threatened to divert attention from its fundamental impact on society. John Diebold is president of The Diebold Group, Inc., and a leader in the field of management both here and abroad.*

By JOHN DIEBOLD

THIS is an important book. In 1964 and 1965, when it was written and published as a series of articles in *Fortune*, its importance was more immediately apparent, and a year or two from today what it says could have even greater significance. It is necessary to state this, for *The Myths of Automation* is a book one may wish to buy now and read later.

The myths explored by Charles E. Silberman and the editors of *Fortune* largely have been buried by the realities of a booming economy. But they are far from dead. Any setback in economic growth, no matter how temporary, could reopen their shallow graves and bring them forth, more ominous than ever, to frighten the public and the policy-makers into irrational responses. Therefore, it is important to have a document today which can demonstrate tomorrow that the revived myths of yesterday already have been subjected to cold analysis and refutation.

Together with the report *Technology and the American Economy*, issued earlier this year by the President's Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress, and a very few other writings, the Silberman book constitutes a small but potentially powerful arsenal at the disposal of tomorrow's myth-fighters. What it demonstrates through an often brilliant combination of statistical analysis and "journalistic probing" can be stated in two paragraphs:

1. Technology (or automation) has a considerably smaller impact on the conditions of employment than does the state of the economy in general and the effectiveness of demand in particular. As a matter of fact, technological advance is an important contributor to general economic health and its adverse consequences will respond to measures which promote general economic health.

2. Nevertheless, "technology directly *affects* both the individual and society. For purpose does not exist in a vacuum; men do not choose from an infinite array of alternatives. On the contrary, the alternatives from which they choose are in large part given by their technology; any major advance in science or change in technology throws up new alternatives and erases old ones." In other words, "science and technology alter the human purpose."

The really important and most refreshing distinction which Silberman brings home is that yesterday's preoccupation with certain misleading surface symptoms of automation's impact—the employment consequences – threatened to divert our efforts from preparing to meet the fundamental impact on our society. This impact is represented by the opportunities and dangers inherent in the enlargement of "the sphere of human action and choice."

Relying neither on statistical juggling nor on isolated cases, but on a combination of general and specific experiences in the context of statistical trends, the author supports his arguments sys-

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tematically and in a constantly lively style. He does not underestimate the employment impact of automation. It strikes jobs and it hurts individuals who must be assisted. The approach that emerges from his arguments is balanced carefully between the advocacy of the structuralists and the arguments of the aggregate-demand theoreticians. Mr. Silberman provides a penetrating analysis of the positive values and practical limitations of solutions through education, early retirement, and the community action programs of the war on poverty.

There is one element in the book with which one cannot be in agreement. It is really of very small importance that "*no fully automated process exists for any major product in any industry in the United States.*" Yet the author italicizes this finding and attempts to enlist it in support of his argument. Much more important is his determination that "automation is not, and cannot be, a system of machines operating without men; it can only be a symbiosis of the two." But he fails to carry this far enough to make explicit what is quite implicit throughout his book: that even if many or most processes were fully automated, the essential man-machine symbiosis would exist still. It would be dictated by economics and by human will; it would be not within the system for producing any one product but between this system and men desiring to raise their society to higher levels of achievement and quality.

Thus, the author threatens to put himself into the rather futile position of showing that what does not exist has little or no effect. This would contradict his main thesis: that technology in the form of automation has a relatively minor impact on the conditions of employment, but a major one on the individual and society. I suppose one can attribute this small problem in the book to a brief struggle between journalism and scholarship, in which the former got the upper hand. The book is so strong, however, and so well constructed that a potentially major flaw hardly is noticed.

Those who wish to increase their understanding of how advancing technology affects our society and culture will wish to read *The Myths of Automation*. At least, they will wish to buy it now to have at a time when the witch doctors of cybernated doom once again revive old myths. There is no better amulet than a strong chain of facts, well put together and shining with wit.

November 19

Autumn Survey of New Reference Books

By David M. Glixon

Criminal Record

The Man Who Stole Portugal. *By Murray Teigh Bloom. Scribners. Paperback.* 95¢. This is a minutely detailed and fascinating history of one of the world's great swindles (perhaps the greatest): a counterfeiting scheme that involved the use of genuine plates. The period covered is 1924-64. Photos.

World-Famous Trials. *By Charles Franklin. Taplinger.* $4.95. Here are twenty-two courtroom classics, from Socrates to the Rosenbergs, mostly in the field of ideas, wherein the verdicts may have been debatable and certainly have been debated. A good once-over-lightly quickie course. Illustrations.

Something Terrible Has Happened. *By Peter van Slingerland. Harper & Row.* $5.95. This is a factual recital of an unsavory case involving rape and murder in moderately high places (made to order for the tabloids), which broke in Hawaii, where the U.S. Navy ruled the roost, in 1931; it all started with a young wife named Massie (*now* do you remember?). Author was born two years before the lid blew off, but he's done an admirable job and has come up with a convincing solution. Excellent photos.

Moving Target. *By Jack McClenaghan. Harcourt, Brace & World. Paperback.* 50¢. Jim Dougherty, New Zealand South Islander who resents authority, takes to the bush and lives by his abundant wits. A superb chase job, brilliantly written, and staged in a gorgeous setting.

Death Shall Overcome. *By Emma Lathen. Macmillan.* $3.95. Attempt to integrate N.Y. Stock Exchange leads to Wall Street's jolliest murder; John Putnam Thatcher heads research team. Brokers will bridle, customers cackle with delight.

Thirteen Clues for Miss Marple. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. This baker's dozen of tales reassembles a fine cluster, in each unit of which the busy knitter of St. Mary Mead who enjoys private-eyeing produces a crime-solving gimmick.

The Minister of Injustice. *By Maurice Culpan. Walker.* $3.50. Chief Inspector Houghton of Yard ignores orders to lay

(*Continued on page* 43)

"We got a letter from Cathy, a request for tuition money, and a P.S. that she's married!"

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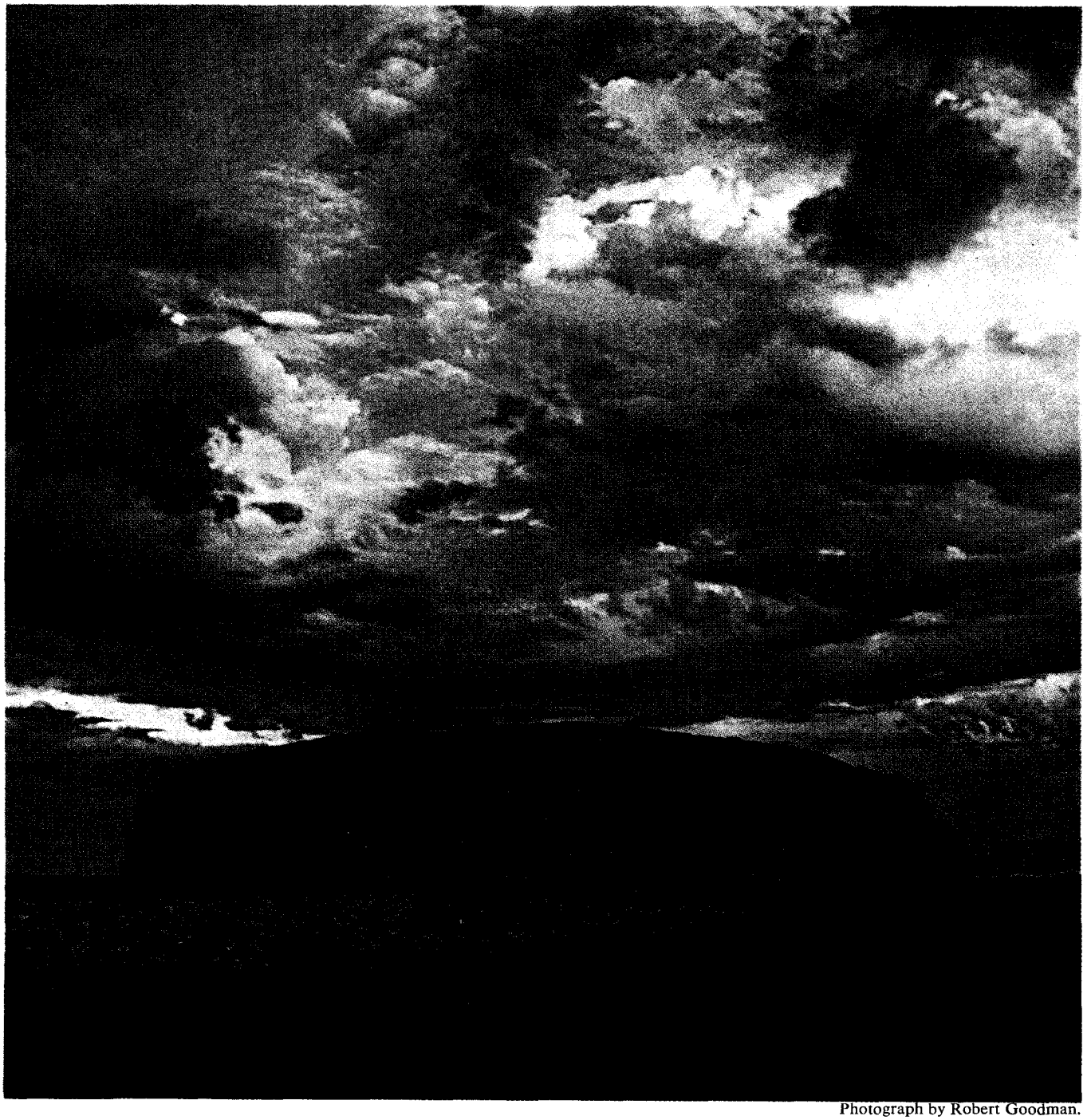

Photograph by Robert Goodman.

They do things in a big way in Australia. Consider this pebble, for example.

Actually, this is Ayers Rock.

It is the largest rock in the world, and you'll find it in Australia's "red centre", the Great Outback. Ayers Rock is a photographer's dream. Its color changes from a delicate pink to a flaming red, as the sun rises and sets.

Inside, in the caverns, you'll see centuries-old paintings celebrating great moments in the lives of the nomadic aborigines.

Go east a few thousand miles and you'll find the biggest thing on earth built by living creatures; the 1,260 spectacular miles of the Great Barrier Reef. It was built entirely by tiny coral polyps, without any help from man, for the enjoyment of men who love the water.

Fly with the world's most experienced airline to the world's largest island. Stop off, at no extra fare, at some smaller islands along the way. Hawaii. Tahiti. Fiji. Samoa. Or not so small New Zealand. A Pan Am Travel Agent will help you plan.

And wherever we take you, you'll enjoy the good feeling that comes from flying the best there is.

That's a pretty big item, too.

World's most experienced airline

First on the Pacific
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First 'Round the World

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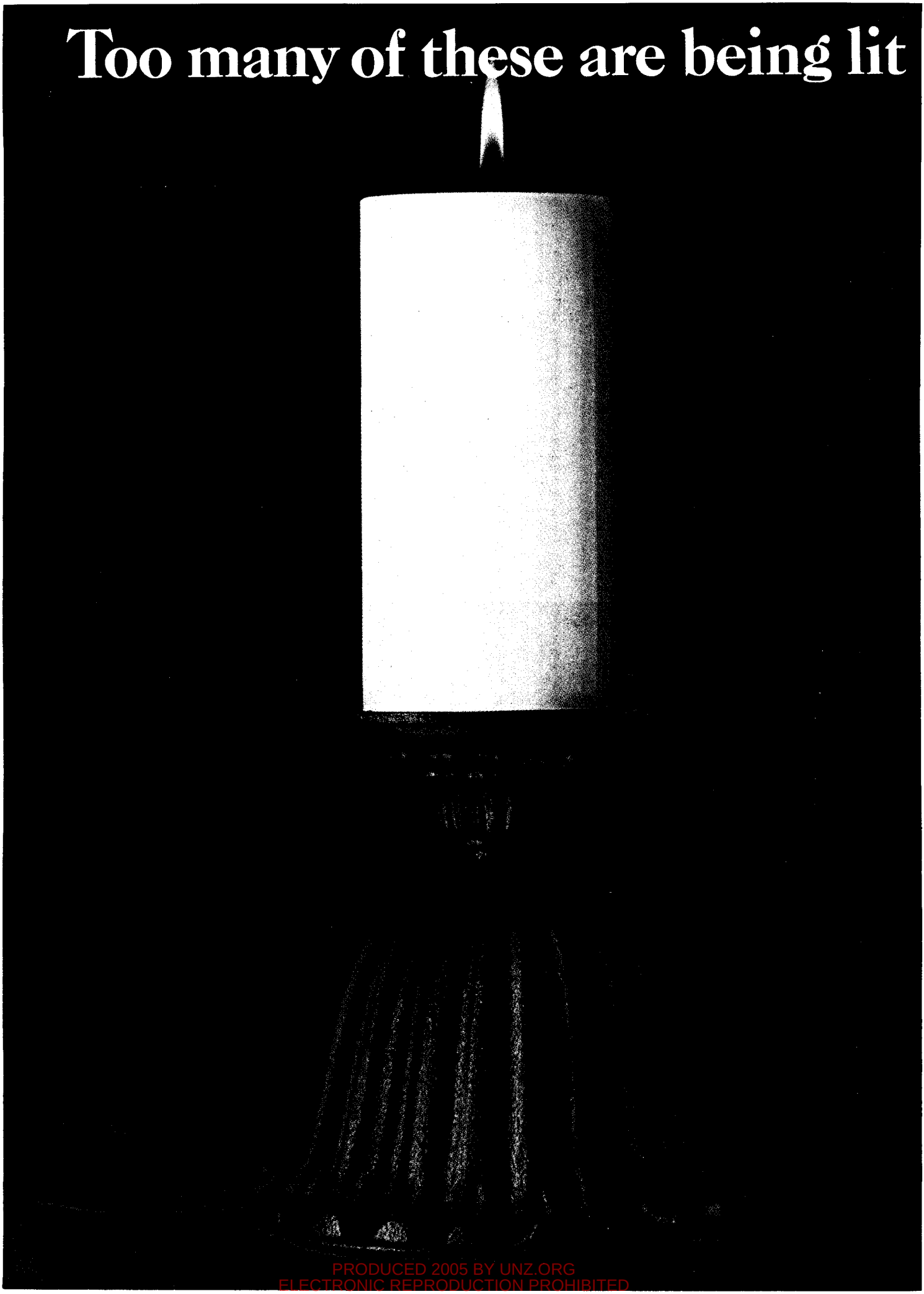
Too many of these are being lit



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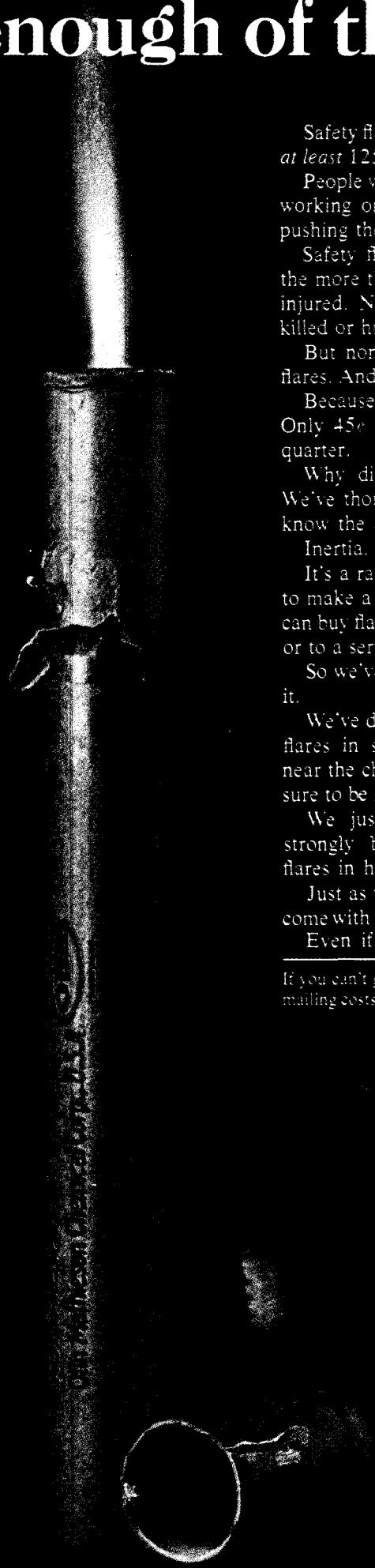
because not enough of these are.



Safety flares could have saved the lives of *at least* 125 people last year.*

People who were killed in the road while working on their disabled cars. Or while pushing them.

Safety flares could also have protected the more than 1800 others who were only injured. Not to mention those who were killed or hurt *inside* the cars.

But none of these people even carried flares. And that's the real shame of it.

Because safety flares don't cost much. Only 45¢ each. Three for a dollar and a quarter.

Why didn't these people have them? We've thought about it. And we think we know the answer.

Inertia.

It's a rare person, indeed, who'll bother to make a special trip to a place where he can buy flares. To an auto supply store, say, or to a service station, or boat shop.

So we've decided to do something about it.

We've decided to try and get Olin safety flares in supermarkets. If possible, right near the check-out counters, where they're sure to be seen.

We just hope it works. Because we strongly believe everyone should carry flares in his car.

Just as we believe every new car should come with a free box of them.

Even if they're not ours. **Olin**

If you can't get flares locally, send $1.50 (including mailing costs) to Olin, Drawer #SP, East Alton, Ill.

*National Safety Council

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A beautiful day to own a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

On Monday, January 24, 1966, an estimated 262,825,033.74 tons of snow fell upon the United States of America.

In Fraser, Colorado, a VW Station Wagon that stood for days out in temperatures of 25 below, started up without a tremble.

In Scarsdale, a lonely VW was blazing a trail to the commuter station.

In Albany, a VW took 8 angry neighbors down to the local service station for 8 sets of chains.

In Moline, a VW woman was first in line at the A&P Steak Sale.

Up in Boston, a group of college kids were finding out how many toboggans they could stuff into 170 cubic feet of VW space.

A Milwaukee junior hockey team won its game by default.

On Monday, January 24, 1966, not too many Volkswagens were sold in the United States.

On Tuesday, things picked up.

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Criminal Record

Continued from page 38

off and tackles a problem of missing model and faceless male corpse; look-see is taken at political-economic crises in new African state. Fine police job, with no words wasted.

Every Body's Ready to Die. *By Jocko Frederics. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Actually only six die in this brash and bawdy chronicle of lurid goings-on in a genius-in-residence colony. Author is an itinerant lighthouse keeper.

The Morning After Death. *By Nicholas Blake. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Nigel Strangeways, English gentleman peeper, on visit to Ivy-League-type U.S. university, takes hand in solving faculty murder; Emily Dickinson's grave is visited, also Walden Pond. Reads most entertainingly not as crime yarn but as Britisher's picture of American academe; Yankee characters say "guess" thirty-two times.

The Traces of Merrilee. *By Herbert Brean. Morrow.* $3.95. New York magazine writer takes on job of escorting water-shy movie starlet overseas via French liner; two murders ensue. Neatly constructed, and jolly good fun.

Ellery Queen's 1967 Anthology. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications. Paperback.* $1.25. Twelve short stories and six longer (Stout, Ross Macdonald, Gallico, Woolrich, *et al.*) make up this select 320-page packet (and be sure to read the Editor's Note; it's worth the price of admission all by itself).

The Ghost Car. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Glasgow police team of Thane and Moss go all out to solve murder of industrialist who is baked to death in enameling plant. The expected competent job, with fine Highland backdrop.

Murder, London-South Africa. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.95. Supt. Roger West ("Handsome" to pals and press) hustles to Pretoria to tackle problem of missing industrial diamonds; does so with éclat.

Beyond the Mountains. *By Alexander Ramati. New American Library.* $4.95. This tragic story of a 1941 attempt by two Polish brothers to regain their homeland after being released from a Siberian prison camp presents a vivid picture of life in Asiatic Russia.

Operation Delta. *By Anthony McCall. Trident.* $4.95. Protection of missile project develops angles that involve murder in Oregon plus crises in British engineering works, Florida electronics plant, Long Island laboratory, as well as top-echelon meetings in Manhattan and racial conflict in South. For the man who likes everything.

Alfred Hitchcock's Sinister Spies. *Random House.* $3.95. Designated (on jacket, not on title page) "for young people," this sound collection looks pretty adult to us (authors include Dunsany, Ambler, Conan Doyle, R. H. Davis, Maugham, Boucher, others). Illustrations by Paul Spina. —SERGEANT CUFF.

"Okay, everybody, let's break for lunch."

Mary Renault's

masterful new novel—of Greece, in the fourth century B.C.

THE MASK OF APOLLO

By MARY RENAULT,
author of *The Bull from the Sea*
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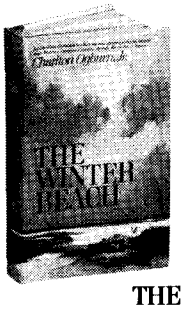

A work of rare distinction about one man's journey along the Atlantic shore . . .

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Premium full-grained leather, oil tanned to a beautiful Russet Brown and crafted into a really tough, but oh so comfortable shoe. It features: a genuine leather insole guaranteed to stay smooth — thick-cushioned wedge rubber sole — Goodyear welt construction — bellows gussets to keep out dirt and wet — heel support counters — built in spring steel arch support. From Norm Thompson for years of comfortable wear.
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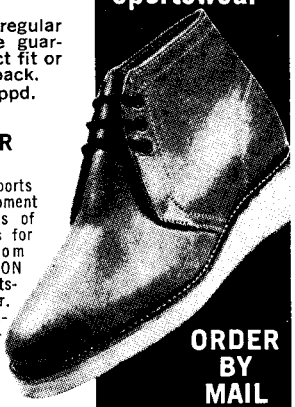

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A Walk on the Weird Side

JOHN FRANKENHEIMER'S new film *Seconds* is that rarity, a really good shocker, the kind that takes a preposterous premise but then treats it as though it were quite real and entirely normal. Mr. Frankenheimer has already shown, with *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seven Days in May*, that he is adept at handling such material, but his control is firmer this time, and he is abetted in his macabre aims by James Wong Howe's distinguished camera work and by performances which are in exactly the right key

But while giving Frankenheimer and associates their deserved due it is only fair to add that their path was firmly charted by David Ely's clever and unusual novel of the same title. Mr. Ely's tale dealt with a mythical organization, secretly located in New York City, that provided wealthy middle-aged men with a second chance at happiness. The tidy operation involves the staging of a "death," the substitution of a cadaver for the real person—who is then provided with the necessary plastic surgery—and the physical and mental conditioning for a supposedly delightful new life.

Lewis John Carlino's screenplay is exemplary, up to a point, in following Ely's plot. Where it deviates is in the area of the "new" life, for in the attempt to shrink the book for screen purposes a female character (played by Salome Jens) has been invented and a bacchanalia staged as a quick means of getting a former banker settled into his free and morally unimpeded existence. I happened to like Ely's tricks better, but the film's substitutions do no harm and make much the same points. In fact, they rather add to the suspense, for the middle-aged banker recreated as an artist—merely the façade is provided him, not the ability to paint—does not realize at first that he has been placed in a colony of organizational reborns. I give this tidbit away only because some viewers appear to have been puzzled by these episodes.

The banker is first met in the person of John Randolph, and so good is his plastic surgery that he becomes Rock Hudson. But don't go away! Hudson is just about perfect as a "reborn," and so are the people he meets during his weird odyssey. These include Will Geer as the piously sinister president of the organization, Jeff Corey as a matter-of-fact administrator, and Richard Anderson as the prideful surgeon. Through suggestion, subtlety, and that masterful camera of Mr. Howe's, the horror mounts to an uncompromising conclusion, and, come to think of it, I haven't seen a better American film all this year.

MISTER Buddwing, directed by Delbert Mann and adapted by Dale Wasserman from Evan Hunter's novel, *Buddwing*, is a film of somewhat similar vein, but fairly pedestrian by comparison. In this case we have an amnesiac attempting to locate his former existence, his clues a succession of attractive women whom he mistakes for his wife. Each episode with these strange and attractive ladies, played by Katherine Ross, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jean Simmons, brings the man—James Garner—closer to the secret of his identity, which is reached through a series of flashbacks. The film's difficulty is that the previous life, as revealed in these arbitrary, unexciting bits, hasn't much life, so to speak. And artificial, too, are several of the amnesiac's encounters, although Mr. Mann takes great pains to place them in actual New York surroundings. Of the performances, I like Miss Pleshette's the best.

The above films have the professional benefits accorded by large Hollywood budgets. Not so John Korty's *Crazy Quilt*, a product of the independent film movement. Working with a small crew and severely limited financial resources, the thirty-year-old San Francisco filmmaker has attempted nothing less than a saga covering two generations. Dispensing with conventional chronology, mingling fantasy and reality, he tells the story of two people who meet, marry, have problems, part, come together again, and bear a child who grows up to be a pretty girl attracted to a creepy motorcyclist.

Evidently the oddball story structure, such as it is, is mainly designed to show off Mr. Korty's visual capabilities. In this area he's competent, if not brilliant. But so studiedly simple is his treatment of his people that he appears to be patronizing them. The man is an "illusionless" termite exterminator, and the girl who falls in love with him a seeker after joy and self-fulfilment. Since the exterminator is a hopelessly dull clod, she naturally tires of him and seeks self-fulfilment elsewhere. This viewer got bored long before the end and sought fulfilment at another movie.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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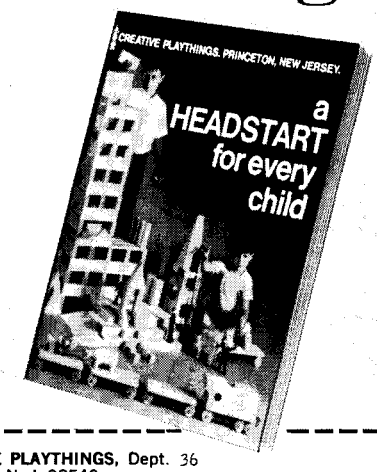

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Edited by Horace Sutton

The Dirigibles' Great Days

OLD DIRIGIBLE FANS never die. And if they have their way, their beloved, sausage-shaped, gas-filled giants may rise out of the ashes of the 1937 *Hindenburg* disaster at Lakehurst, New Jersey, which terminated virtually all commercial dirigible transport.

A Boston University aeronautical engineer, Francis Morse, is the latest expert to revive the hopes of blimp buffs that Dirigibles Live! He has proposed a new, nuclear-powered, helium-filled giant almost 200 feet longer and about 40 feet wider than the ill-fated *Hindenburg*. It would carry a passenger load of 400, and a crew of about 100 in Hilton-style luxury across the Atlantic in less than two days.

Mr. Morse's flying machine would boast staterooms with private baths, a skyroom cocktail lounge atop the dirigible reached by elevator, a movie theater, and a dining room seating 200. Tucked in a midship hangar would be an eighteen-place shuttle plane that would ferry passengers down to airports below and pluck newcomers off the ground for a short flight back to the dangling hook of the hovering airship. His dirigible, supplied endlessly with power by a cheap and efficient nuclear plant delivering 6,000 HP, would seldom come to earth except for overhaul—circling the globe endlessly like the Flying Dutchman, while passengers, crew, and cargo came and went on the shuttle plane.

THE beauty of his device is that at last it would bring cheap atomic power to the air transport business. Engineers have yet to perfect an atomic engine light enough and powerful enough to lift a heavy jet transport plane off the ground. Getting a buoyant dirigible up, however, is much easier. And there's more room in an airship to shield the atomic engine in order to prevent its radiation from injuring the passengers. Finally, should there ever be a crash in an airship, it would be a soft, low-speed accident rather than a high-speed disaster that could scatter deadly atomic radiation from the engine over a wide perimeter.

Aviation experts wonder whether air travelers would ever trust dirigible travel again. That prize-winning photo of the flaming *Hindenburg* going down is hard to forget. So is that often-replayed radio commentary of the Lakehurst announcer sobbing, "Oh, the humanity!" as he reacts in horror to the fiery disaster taking place in front of him.

One veteran dirigible passenger, Dr. William M. Scholl, the manufacturer of yellow-boxed foot remedies, still looks back wistfully to the old zeppelin days. "Dirigibles are a more relaxing, quieter, less cramped form of transport than the jet planes, yet not as slow as a ship," says Dr. Scholl, who is now in his eighties. "I think two days is just about the right time for taking it easy between continents."

The sky having been virtually clear of zeppelins for the past twenty-nine years (save for some advertising blimps and for convoy escorts during World War II), it's difficult to remember that dirigibles once logged an impressive travel record. In Germany prior to World War I a commercial national airship system called Dalag flew more than 100,000 miles, logged 1,000 take-offs and landings, and carried 37,250 passengers between cities during some 3,200 hours of air time. Germans in those days were used to seeing zeppelins overhead, and only the Kaiser's defeat in World War I slowed the growth of the airship industry.

AVIATION history books also carry, usually as a footnote, the fact that Great Britain's *R-34* dirigible left Scotland on July 2, 1919, and appeared over Mineola, Long Island, just four-and-a-half days later, eight years before Lindbergh was to make the same crossing and earn international fame for himself. To prove itself the *R-34* then turned around and flew back to England in just seventy-five hours. Dirigibles also played an important role in the exploration of the North Pole: The *Norge* carried a crew of sixteen over the polar wastes to the top of the world on May 12, 1926.

The *Graf Zeppelin* was the 127th airship to be built by its German manufacturer, and carried the hull number LV 127. It weighed in at a whopping 129,800 pounds and, once hydrogen was pumped into its gas cells, expanded to a sausage-like diameter of 105,000 cubic meters. Five Maybach motors pushed it, looking, as one writer described them, "like five baby whales swimming beneath a mother whale."

Dr. Scholl took his first dirigible trip aboard it on August 31, 1929. He

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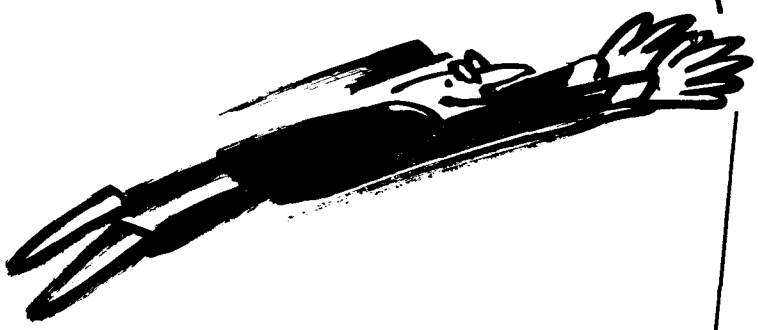

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climbed a set of rickety wooden stairs at Lakehurst, New Jersey, to fly to Friedrichshafen, Germany, on the last leg of a flight around the world in twenty-one days, seven hours, and twelve minutes. "I was the first American businessman ever to fly in the *Graf Zeppelin*," Dr. Scholl recalls, "and it wasn't an inexpensive project. The cost was $2,000 for my cabin—Cabin 10, if I remember correctly — but even at 1929 prices I thought I was getting a bargain. The Hamburg American Steamship Line, which issued my ticket, subsequently brought the price down considerably to make dirigible transport more attractive."

A middle walkway ran down through the interior of the sausage, with cabins for the passengers and crew lining both sides. The airship boasted a shiny galley, with a wind-operated motor supplying it with necessary electricity, a fancy dining room furnished in expensive wood paneling (with wide observation windows that gave diners a look at the ground below), and an elaborate radio room as well as a large bridge for the captain, navigator, and crew. Before it finally was retired after the *Hindenburg* disaster and on the eve of the outbreak of World War II, the *Graf Zeppelin* flew safely more than thirty times the circumference of the earth, carried 143,000 pounds of freight and mail, and in addition transported 12,000 passengers between countries—all of this without a single accident to a single passenger.

The passage to Europe from America took approximately seventy-two hours. For obvious propaganda reasons—promoting both Germany and the concept of dirigible flights—the *Graf Zeppelin*, when going to and from Lakehurst, the New Jersey base where experienced ground handlers were available, usually flew over New York City.

OUT of the zeppelin's large picture windows passengers were given a view of the Statue of Liberty, the East River, Broadway, and the Battery, while factory whistles below tooted and rooftop crowds waved greetings. Very often, squadrons of U.S. Army Air Force planes from Mitchell Field rose to fly in formation alongside. German firms located in New York City painted rooftop greetings, and German ships in the harbor blinked Morse code messages to the airship's crew.

The Federal Aviation Agency hadn't yet written its rule book on flight heights, and on occasion the *Graf Zeppelin* would skim 160 feet above the tops of the Woolworth Tower and the Singer Building. Because weather forecasting was in its infancy, the airship relied on its radio, contacting surface vessels in various parts of the ocean, getting wind direction and forces, and in this way plotting the size and direction of weather fronts. With plenty of fuel aboard, the *Graf Zeppelin* could easily sneak around storms that might threaten its rather lightweight construction. Its radio operator also had a directional loop with which he could take bearings on two or more stations and establish a fix. Or, if everything else failed, the ship would shoot a flare into the ocean and, by taking a bearing on the flame and smoke in the water, calculate the strength, direction, and drift of the wind, and compensate the dead reckoning accordingly.

Over specified cities in both the United States and Europe, the *Graf Zeppelin* also acted as an international postman. The great ship would dive down to an altitude of 680 feet and toss over a tiny parachute bearing the incoming mail to earth. Simultaneously a grappling hook would be lowered and mail outward bound would be lifted aboard.

A MENU from the flight shows the *Zeppelin* gliding over New York's Sherry Netherland Hotel, which catered the flight. The delicacies offered included buffet sherry, *croûte au pot* with cheese, boneless squab pigeon with *foie gras*, *sauce berlinoise* with noodles, artichokes *vinaigrette*, compote, Linzer tart, and coffee. No one was allowed to smoke aboard. The combination of gasoline engines and hydrogen fuel throughout the dirigible made it too dangerous. The *Hindenburg*, of more sophisticated construction, allowed smoking.

"The passengers amused themselves in many different ways," says Dr. Scholl. "There were some chess buffs aboard, and they were constantly at the board during the whole flight. Lots of bridge was played. Or, you could go down into the captain's command-and-control car and see how the crew handled the ship."

THE altitude at which the *Graf Zeppelin* flew often depended upon the temperature and the time of day. The evening cold decreased the ship's lift and it would slip downward with dusk. Conversely, the heat of the sun lightened the ship considerably and it would begin to soar to higher altitudes at sunrise.

When the European coastline came into view, the *Graf Zeppelin* couldn't make a beeline across France to its Friedrichshafen destination. The French were still wary of the Germans and refused to let them fly over their defensive positions. Consequently, the airship had to make a wide detour around France before hovering over its final German landing point. "It took about 200 people

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to bring her down," Dr. Scholl recalls. "It was an exciting moment—all our luggage loaded in the gangway just as if we were getting off a ship, all of us looking out of the windows as the dirigible came down, searching for friends and associates on the ground. Passports ready, customs declarations all made out, just as if we were starting to go down the gangway of the *Mauretania* or the *Ile de France*." Landing lines were thrown over from the airship to the ground, the crew of men below hooking these up to large hawsers which were then tightened to pull the huge ship to rest. A giant steel cable from the nose was used to connect the ship to a mooring mast, and rails and wheels were slipped under the control car so that the ship could roll without friction in whatever direction the wind pushed it.

The *Hindenburg* was even more impressive. Only 35 feet longer than the *Graf Zeppelin*, it was much thicker and was filled with almost double the amount of gas the *Graf Zeppelin* carried. It could make an average speed of 85 miles an hour in the air, and was so huge that 1,750 large locomotives could have easily fitted within its frame.

THE *Hindenburg* was, according to Captain Max Pruss, its skipper, "The best and finest ship for passengers . . . it held seventy-two. We also had freight and mail. We even had a car and airplanes on board. We had a cabin for every passenger, hot and cold water, heating and air conditioning, a dining room, and a promenade you could walk on, as well as a lounge. There were four cooks on board. One was a pastry chef; passengers had cake and bread every day. All the food was fresh. And we had a bar also. The passengers could have wine and all kinds of drinks. We were able to make telephone calls to stations in Europe and America. And we had a grand piano on board, so we held a very good concert for radio stations in America."

As a cargo carrier, the *Hindenburg* had no peer. On one trip it brought a fancy stallion from Germany to Brazil. The dirigible company, on the other hand, politely declined to transport a grown elephant which an Indian maharaja wanted to present to the King of England. It cost $1 per pound to ship goods from Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen, so most of the cargo were small valuable items. On the other hand, the *Hindenburg* did carry cars from time to time—and, once, a high-speed private plane destined for Rio. By 1936, the cost of a flight aboard it from Lakehurst to Frankfurt had come down from $2,000 to $400, plus a $5 U.S. tax. But the dirigible's main source of income was mail, charged at the rate of 40 cents per half-ounce.

As glorious a success as the *Hindenburg* and *Graf Zeppelin* were, however, they had one stain on their honor. These great ships were used shamelessly by Hitler as Nazi propaganda vehicles. Dr. Hugo Eckener, captain of the *Graf Zeppelin*, hated Hitler with a passion and thoroughly detested these propaganda missions. For years Eckener forthrightly warned his American and European passengers as they flew to and from Germany: "These madmen are after you; they mean to conquer Europe—yes, the whole world!" When Hitler heard of these disloyal remarks, he eventually grounded the *Graf Zeppelin* and it never flew again.

BEFORE this final showdown, however, the *Graf Zeppelin* and *Hindenburg* both flew over Germany during the March 1936 German elections. Loudspeakers blared political speeches from the air to voters below. A release mechanism in the stern fired parachutes bearing millions of leaflets down to Nazis and Nazi sympathizers. When the final vote for Hitler took place, the airships were declared separate election districts, and the crew went 100 per cent for Adolf Hitler. Eckener, it seems, did not vote. Then came the fiery finale, and the dirigible boom collapsed in the crash.

—ARTURO AND GLORIA GONZALEZ.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arturo and Gloria Gonzalez are a husband-and-wife writing team who live in New York City.*

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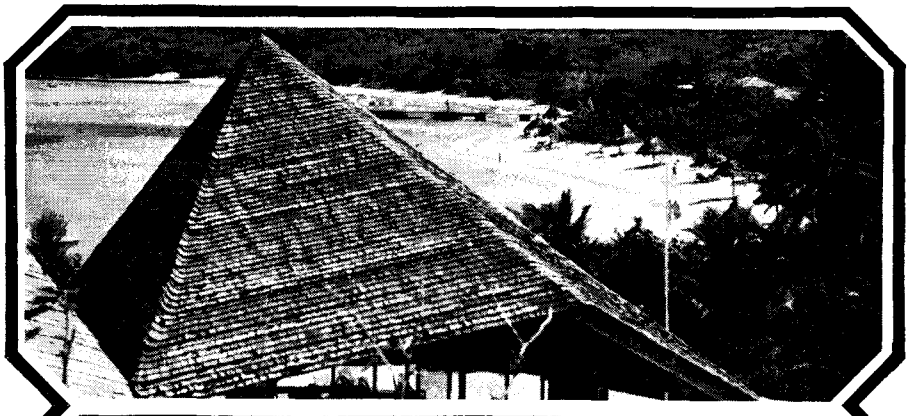

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O, for a Philosopher's Stone!

THE REPERTORY THEATER of Lincoln Center has improved its acting personnel somewhat, with the not very startling result that its first presentation of the new season ascends to the level of some of the less satisfactory Shakespeare presentations at Stratford, Connecticut. Taking Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*, the company strains to make each line funny, and in between it inserts slapstick antics and arch reactions to divert us from the recognition that it is the company and not the play that is working.

The evening begins on an empty thrust stage in front of an exterior view of an Elizabethan house, presumably to suggest that director Jules Irving's production will emphasize externals. And almost immediately, from inside, a character confirms this impression with flatulent expletive. The façade then rises and we meet the play's three mad conspirators. There is Jeremy, servant and caretaker of the house whose owner is away. As played by merry-andrew Robert Symonds he is the picture of robust villainy when he pretends to be a swaggering captain. And later he affects a crotchety decrepitude as an aged lab assistant who rushes in and out to keep the *menstrue* cooking and the fire turned up to *ignis ardens*.

There is Dol Common, played by former APA actress Nancy Marchand in an improbable costume which makes her appear to have several bosoms. During the course of the various ruses she must alternately disguise herself as Queen of the Fairies and as a baron's nymphomaniacal daughter who goes berserk when someone inadvertently uses a theological term.

Most colorful of all is Subtle, the alchemist, played by Michael O'Sullivan, who rejoins his San Francisco Actors Workshop friends after an interim during which he starred as Tartuffe in William Ball's excellent staging of the Molière play at the ANTA-Washington Square Theater, and cavorted superbly as the diabolical professor in the Broadway musical, *Superman*. In *The Alchemist* he attempts to apply some of the "camp" approach that worked well in *Superman*, but it fits less comfortably here. For instance, it is amusing when, after dropping a flask of acid on the floor, he looks at the mess and says, "Eccch!" But it is a modern touch that removes him and us from a more genuine participation in the story. Later he operates an ingeniously preposterous alchemist's trolley by turning a wood-carved maiden's brass nipples to trigger bursts of steam from both the trolley and grates in the stage floor. This would be fine in a revue, but it mocks Jonson's comedy instead of reinforcing it.

The spoofing approach also penalizes the actors who must play the trio's victims more or less straight. Lee Goodman's naïve Dapper, Ray Fry's subdued Abel Drugger, George Voskovec's voluptuous Sir Epicure Mammon, Aline MacMahon's benign Tribulation Wholesome, and Elizabeth Huddle's bountiful Dame Pliant all emerge as uninteresting fools whom the trio's transparent nonsense seems to overwhelm rather than deceive.

Thus the first two acts are exhausting to watch, with the actors toiling at the moment-to-moment task of generating vitality and endlessly making frantic costume changes in front of us. It reminds one of nothing so much as a noisy birthday party where the children must be kept entertained until their parents come for them.

Only the short final act absorbs us somewhat more genuinely. In it Philip Bosco, a valuable new addition to the company, is authoritative and convincing as Lovewit, the shrewd houseowner who has returned home unexpectedly. Now at last there is a force on stage to be reckoned with. Now Jeremy's attempts to extricate himself from danger are really funny because they are the invention of a man in trouble, rather than of a man trying to be funny.

Here, perhaps, is the key to the failure of this company at Lincoln Center. The actors and their directors may be so anxious about proving themselves at every turn that they trust neither themselves nor the plays they are performing. Since something similar happened to the far more experienced artists who preceded the present administration, and also to the American Shakespeare Festival Theater, the malady may be endemic in situations where a new theater flying a cultural flag challenges the artist to make an unrealistic leap to some supposedly higher level of achievement.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Blitzstein's "Airborne," Mozart's "Flute"

WERE IT NOT for Leonard Bernstein it is improbable that the late Marc Blitzstein's *Airborne* Symphony would have had its first performance twenty years ago, for it is almost as elaborate a creation as the machines it honors, with male chorus, two vocal soloists, a narrator, and a large orchestra occupying the stage. Certainly it is even less likely that it would have had a second round of performances recently, for it is not the kind of work to which an esoteric reputation accrues.

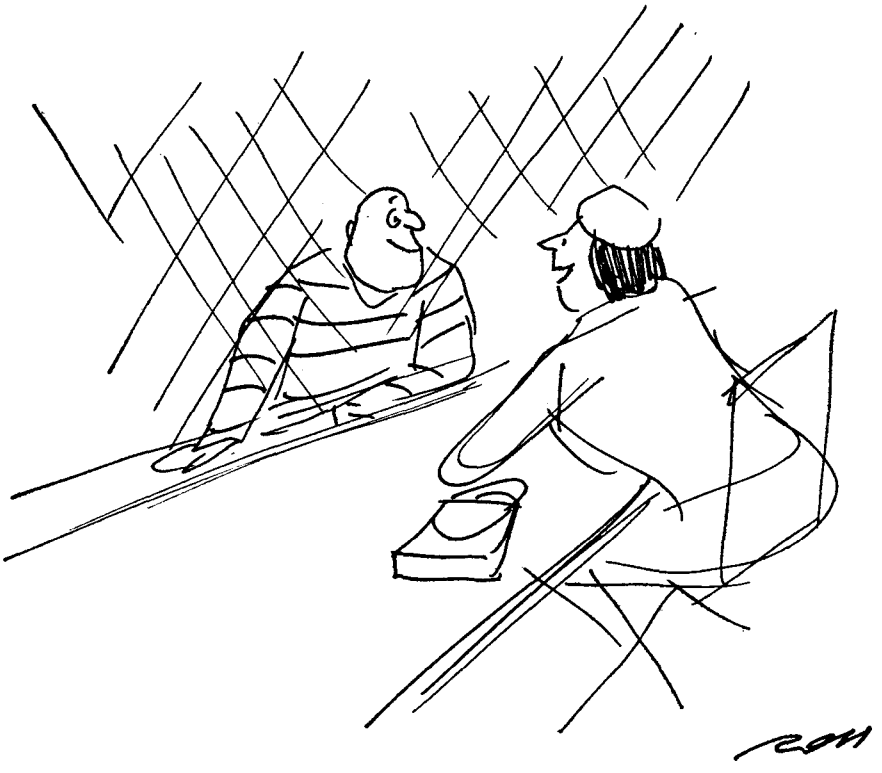
However, such is the devotion of Bernstein to a man whose devotion to him made a difference at a crucial point of his career that he put himself out to put it on, and, what is more, bring it off. For there arose from the slumbering pages rather more music of quality than one remembered from that hardly sufficient performance in the City Center, or from the fourteen 78 rpm sides that RCA invested in its recording.

Part of this was due to twenty years of development on the conductor's part, a much better orchestra, a fine choral group (the Choral Art Society), and such other able collaborators as Andrea Velis, David Watson, and Robert Hooks (narrator). But as much, clearly, was attributable to the recognition that even in this extended—sometimes overextended—work the Blitzstein quality is quite unlike anyone else's. One might even speculate that, in the midst of war, Blitzstein found more "peace" to compose this work as his "duty" with the Eighth Air Force in England than he did during his sometimes harried civilian labors on other scores. It is, at times, not unworthy of its subject matter—Man's mastery of flight—and that is saying much.

But having said as much, one also finds it necessary to say more: that it sometimes falls into the category of musical journalese in seeming to take the first word (Blitzstein wrote his own text), the first musical idea, that came along, in its acceptance of "official" positions that the composer must have had some doubts about personally. It is equally true that Blitzstein was a propagandist at heart, and that his heart was readily accessible to such impulses of the time as the "Hurry up and wait" concept, the nineteen-year-old bombardier writing home to his girl, etc. However, there is still too much good Blitzstein in the work for it to be sidetracked. Perhaps the best solution would be for it to be soundtracked—that is, woven into a film, TV tape, or otherwise, which would visually evoke the events it depicts—thus giving a new form of performance without need for all its presently unwieldy means.

Bernstein made this a Schoenberg-Blitzstein program by prefacing *The Airborne* with the Chamber Symphony No. 2 and *A Survivor from Warsaw*. Neither is the most consequential Schoenberg, but each is part of the whole man and thus worth acquaintance. The Chamber Symphony No. 2 (not to be confused with the path-breaking No. 1) is an odd juxtaposition of elements, beginning with the affecting kind of chromatic material he was inventing as of 1906 and coming out the labyrinthine maze of voices to which he was partial when he took it up again in 1939. Thus it lacks stylistic unity, beginning better than it ends. The *Survivor* is a horror story in music, with the reciter's tale of brutality picked up in the choral outburst on *Shema Yisroel*. It is music designed to make the hackles rise, and this it did through the effective narration of Vera Zorina and Bernstein's propulsive direction.

Also of orchestral note was the season's first visit of the Boston Symphony, especially for the presence of Israeli-born Shmuel Ashkenasi as soloist in the Dvořák Violin Concerto. His skills have developed along classic lines, with (at his best) an equipoise of bow and finger pressure that produces a silky, ample sound and impressive control of it. He didn't always sustain his best, but it was in evidence frequently enough to suggest that he can qualify for the top echelon of his speciality. Erich Leinsdorf's program otherwise aroused old familiar echoes, with such Boston favorites (a conductor and a half ago) as the Sibelius Fifth Symphony and Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite*. This kind of performance might be called conviction without commitment, with all the musical niceties observed, but in a detached, external way.



"The kids are fine. They're planning your escape."

MUCH of the magic in the first venture ever of the City Opera Company with Mozart's *Magic Flute* is in the fantasy lavished on the décor by Beni Montresor. This, rather than the Metropolitan's elaborate *Gioconda* from the same source, strikes me as the real Beni, with an adroit arrangement of inner curtains to provide something like the areas required for Schikaneder's script and no more machinery than is required to "fly" the Three Boys up and down on an oversized taffy ring. He was not as successful an ally for himself in his first venture into stage direction.

Mention that the Boys are, in this production, soprano-voiced males rather than the females usually employed gives something of a clue to the musical side of the venture. If one was beguiled by their purity of sound to the exclusion of uncertain pitch and ragged ensemble, one was also in a mood to accept the

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different styles as well as some of the indifferent vocalization of the cast directed by Julius Rudel. Of these, the best was the redoubtable Beverly Sills, who appears bent on making a career of singing parts that few others will, such as the Queen of the Night. Hard sounding, but clear and of sufficient size. Michele Molese, as Tamino, sang the half of the role that lies in his lower range well enough, but the upper compass was nasal and constricted. John Reardon's costume did not look as good as the sketch of it currently in Tiffany's window, but he was creditably foolish and vocally sound, properly avid for Joan Summers's Papagena.

To my taste, Veronica Tyler did not have the fresh lyric quality she showed as a Metropolitan Auditions' winner a few years ago, nor the sustained line for the music. The brief bit of the Speaker was delivered with fine firm sound by Thomas Paul, the longer part of Sarastro with neither so fine nor so firm sound by Noel Mangin. One consequence of this was that Rudel had to devote more attention to time-beating and keeping orchestra and voices together than is compatible with free-flowing interpretation. For those who rate half a *Flute* better than none, this can be commended (especially for excellence in enunciation of the English text) as a beginning rather than an achievement.

For those who collect chamber music ensembles as others do bibelots, ivory elephants, or onyx ashtrays, the Smetana Quartet qualified for a special shelf in its appearance at the Grace Rainey Rogers auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. That is the one which has in times past displayed the Kolisch Quartet, the Manhattan Quartet, and, more recently, the Quartetto Italiano, among other groups who performed not only without music stands but also without music.

Whether this practice is a burden or a blessing is very much a point of view. Insofar as it related to the efforts of the Prague ensemble—Jiri Novak and Lubomir Kostecky, violinists; Milan Skampa, viola; and Antonik Kohout, cello—the verdict would have to be innocence of constraint, much evidence of freedom. Rather more influential on the results this time was the suave but rather small sound of Jiri Novak's violin playing. As this controlled the volume that could be tolerated from his fellow players, it suited best the Haydn opus 64 No. 5 (*Lark*); next, the fourth quartet of Martinu; least, the B-flat (opus 130) of Beethoven. The last named (performed in all its immensity, with the *Grosse Fuge* as finale) was a highly sophisticated chamber music performance, but rather small dynamically, even in the intimate surroundings of this ideal auditorium.

—Irving Kolodin.

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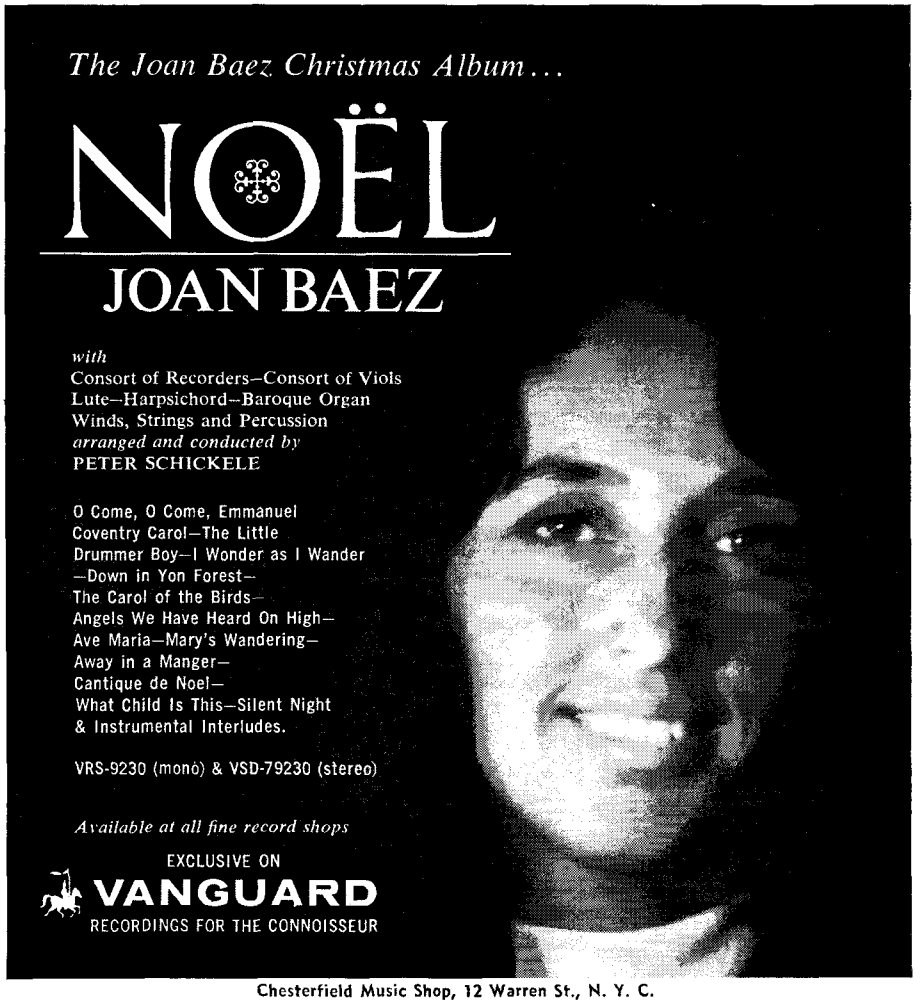

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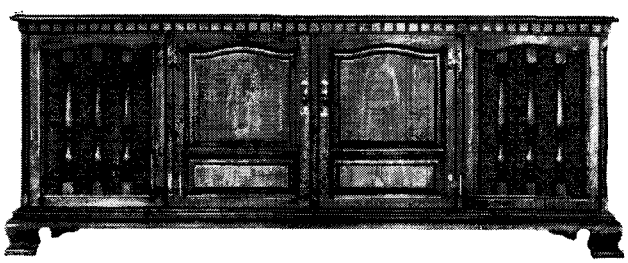

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—U. P. I.

Jerome Hines as Boris (with Mrs. Hines) is greeted backstage at the Metropolitan by Nikolai Federenko, the Soviet Union's permanent delegate to the United Nations. It was as Boris that Hines made his Russian debut in 1962.

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THE VISITORS
A Decade of Cultural Exchange

By MARTIN MAYER

WHAT WE CONSIDER progress often looks to an anthropologist like cultural diffusion. Religions, inventions, foods, political notions spread like a slick from society to society. When contact is easy and frequent, very different people surrounded by very different historical institutions find themselves working on the same problems: We cannot assign priority for, say, the differential calculus to either the German Rosicrucian Leibniz or the English alchemist Newton.

In art, too, history sometimes seems a sequence of geographic motions. During some periods, the same men work over an area so large that Roland de Lattre of Burgundian Flanders will find it most convenient to label himself Orlandus Lassus to keep one name wherever he goes; or a Schütz will bring back to the North from years of service at San Marco an Italian tradition to inform German music. A Versailles or a Bauhaus within a generation will spawn imitations of itself all over the world. Fashions in painting spread so swiftly today that all the nations send much the same stuff to international exhibitions—or, rather, the judges at all the different host countries all pick the same winners.

ART is, then, to a degree, an international language: Millions of Japanese seem to make complete sense of the European musical tradition, and Jean-Louis Barrault finds in a *Noh* play techniques he can legitimately use in staging *Hamlet*. But sometimes two traditions are so remote from each other, in space or in texture, that the first contact is sudden, shocking, and complexly influential. A superb museum in Göteborg shows what Swedish ceramic work owes to the pieces brought home from China by Norse seamen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Debussy found technical procedures of capital importance to him in Javanese music, and Picasso's perceptions changed after his exposure to African masks.

Isolation can also be imposed politi-

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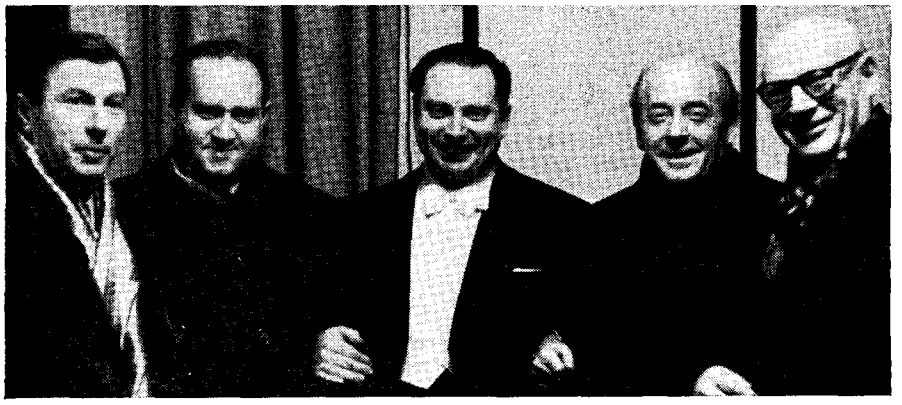

—*Adrian Siegel.*

David Oistrakh pays a call on Isaac Stern at Carnegie Hall after the latter's appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in January 1956. Left to right: Nathan Milstein, Oistrakh, Stern, Eugene Ormandy and S. Hurok.

cally, as the Mohammedan sweep cut North Africa off from Europe after a millenium of joint development. In our time, the phobias of Stalin (and to some extent of Martin Dies and his successors) separated the Soviet Union, artistically and intellectually, from Western Europe and especially from the United States. For twenty years what was happening in Russia and what was happening here were kept almost completely separate. Then, a decade ago, as a by-product of the Khrushchev-Eisenhower summit meetings, formal programs of "cultural exchange" were inaugurated, entirely for political rather than for artistic reasons.

Emil Gilels was the first of the great Russian visitors to postwar America. The occasion of his fifth trip to these shores, roughly a decade later, provides a good reason to make a first inventory of what cultural exchange has accomplished, culturally. Gilels to us is no longer a "Russian pianist;" the veil of strangeness that fell between him and his audience on his first visits is gone, and he comes before us now like a Rubinstein, a Serkin, a Fleischer, a Curzon —as one of the great masters of his instrument, with a style more personal than national to offer us. The ten years of an international career have obviously changed him, too. He came to us first as an insistent virtuoso of the *sturm-und-drang-mit-schlag* school, and on every trip he has been a more polished and thoughtful artist, with a greater variety of composers he plays well, until now the pleasures he gives are at least as much musical as they are pianistic. Gilels himself offers a necessary—if not a sufficient —answer to the question of how much difference the reopening of these gates has made.

One school of thought would reply with a comment allegedly quoted from Isaac Stern in a French interview: "Cultural exchange? They send us their Jews from Odessa and we send them our Jews from Odessa." Stern reports, incidentally, that this phrase is not his, though he rather wishes it were. Asked the question, he replied with the story of a few years ago about the Sputnik and the satellite meeting in outer space, and one saying to the other that now that they were alone they could talk German. The French interviewer improved the story: an example, perhaps, of values in Franco-American cultural exchange. It has been noted that the more "severe" Russian artists (Richter and Rostropovich, for instance) have acquired a reputation in the West even greater than their following at home, while some of our more fiery virtuosos—most notably, perhaps, Byron Janis—are now established as great figures in the Soviet Union though they have never quite achieved the highest rank in the United States. Anyone planning artistic exchanges will feel at least a subconscious pull to give the customer what he wants.

Still, there seems no question that contact with the art of the West, after a generation of isolation, has been a significant shock to the Soviet artists themselves, and that the reverberations of that shock are still being felt throughout Russia. In its simplest form, the shock has been a learning experience. When the Bolshoi Ballet first came to the United States in 1959, the New York City Ballet arranged a special matinee formal rehearsal at which the members of the Russian company could see what their American counterparts were doing. One of the ballets offered at the matinee was Balanchine's composition to Stravinsky's *Agon*. At its end, Galina Ulanova called over Anatol Chujoy, the Russian-born editor of *Dance News*, and asked, "Is this the same Stravinsky who wrote *Petrouchka* and *Firebird*?" Chujoy assured her that it was and she said with a gesture of dismissal, "I don't understand it."

Seven years later, the Ballet Theatre took Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* to the Soviet Union, and the Leningrad critic Vera Krasovskaya wrote only that "the music of Schoenberg cannot lose [its] originality." Admittedly, this score is post-Wagnerian rather than pre-Boulezian Schoenberg – but it would have been intolerable not only to a Russian audience but to Russian musicians a decade ago. And matters have gone even further: This year the violinist Leonid Kogan will play Alban Berg's openly dodecaphonic (and thus, by prior definition, decadently formalist) concerto, accompanied by Soviet orchestras.

Even more striking, perhaps, has been the increased fastidiousness with which Russian artists approach classic and baroque styles. When they first came, their Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven were overlaid with nineteenth-century performance practices that seemed to us coarse, sometimes effeminate, sometimes inexcusably heavy. "Their whole tradition," Isaac Stern says, "was to use music for an effective performance, very emotional. They played the big game, like Jack Kramer." Traveling in Western Europe and the United States and hearing visiting artists, the Russians learned that there were other ways to play pre-Romantic music. Some were immensely absorptive – Stern says that when he starts to describe something to Kogan, Kogan will say, "I know—the way you do it." Stern adds, "Then he'll pick up the fiddle and show me exactly the way I do it. He's a very subtle musician." Others, of whom Gilels is considered the most striking example, have been intellectually influenced, and now put the strength of their immense technique at the service of personal conceptions neither copied from the West nor inherited from the older Russian tradition. Few have passed completely unchanged through their first impression in more modern styles.

THE musician who would seem the most obviously influenced is Rudolf Barshai, whose chamber orchestra, with its transparent, un-Russian string tone, bears a clear family resemblance to such older groups as the Virtuosi di Roma. Barshai says, however, that the influence on him was strictly from reading, especially from reading Albert Schweitzer. "I found in Schweitzer a letter from Bach to his brother," Barshai explained the other day, "saying that to perform a certain concerto one needed four to five violins, three to four seconds, three to four altos, two to three celli, a contrabass and a harpsichord. I organized my first group eleven years ago just that way, to play Bach." Moreover, Barshai says, "our nineteenth-century artists—the good ones – had known that pre-nineteenth-century music should not be interpreted as it had been, that it should be restudied. It was known that one must not play Bach as one plays Tchaikovsky." Still, many Russians did just that. Barshai, while he never heard any

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of the Italian or German groups like his own, did know that they existed, and was supported at difficult moments by the sense of being "part of a great renewal of interest in all things classical, which came in all countries after the war." After a few more voyages, perhaps he will stop taking every repeat in every score his group plays.

For all the Russian musicians who have spoken on the subject, the American orchestras were a revelation—especially the brilliance and precision of their wind sections. Debates began and still persist in the Soviet Union about the relative values of the saxophone-like horn sound and reedy oboe which were standard practice in France a generation ago but persist at full strength today only in Russia. Soviet conductors working with American musicians on the tours of the ballet companies have sounded out their men on the chance of their taking a billet abroad (Eugene Foster of the Utah Symphony, playing for the Bolshoi on tour, was specifically offered first flute at Kiev). Most listeners felt that the second-string, younger Moscow Philharmonic which Kondrashin brought to New York a couple of years ago was more "Western" in feeling – lighter in string tone, crisper in wind attack, more accurate in pitch—than previous, older visitors from the Soviet Union.

Even in ballet, where the Russians distinctly came to teach rather than to learn, both American observers and Russian critics have felt that there is (or should be) an influence in the other direction, too. During the Bolshoi's first trip, the choreographer Leonid Lavrovsky visited George Balanchine at home and said, as a third party recalls it, "Look, George, why do you waste your time on these *miniatures*—these one-act ballets? Why don't you do something *big*, the way we do in Moscow?" On repeated exposure, the Russians found something intriguing about Balanchine's creations of ballets that expressed musical structure rather than the sentiments of a story line.

"Russia for 150 years," says Sol Hurok, "had been playing classical ballet—every time a youngster wanted to do modern ballet, it was not accepted. Now there is some experimenting." Meanwhile, of course, the Russians and the British between them had convinced American choreographers and audiences that full-scale, evening-long ballets which told a story were still viable in the miniaturized world of the twentieth century.

If the Russian musicians and dancers made less impact on the Americans than they had expected, the reason was obvious: American musical and balletic art has been under heavy expatriate Russian influence for nearly half a century. Russians who disliked their revolution escaped to the West, but Westerners who admired it prudently stayed home. The two most significant teachers of American pianists – Isabella Vengerova and Rosina Lhevinne – are both Russian-trained. Visiting in Moscow, Balanchine was invited to give a class to the Bolshoi dancers. Among the spectators was an old lady who had been one of Balanchine's teachers many years before. Asked her impression of the class, she said, "Why, it's the same class we used to teach at St. Petersburg – the same class he went through."

During the First World War, Otto Kahn brought over to America Diaghilev's Ballet Russe; the money ran out, and many of the dancers were stranded in this country. "One of the results of the economic disaster of the first Diaghilev tour," Lincoln Kirstein wrote for the issue of *Playbill* that was distributed during the Bolshoi's first visit, "was the spreading of the finest Russian dancers as teachers—all over the United States. . . . We have good American teachers and, because of them, good American dancers, but there is not one, master or pupil, who does not presuppose as his or her criterion the Russian historical attitude of dedication, clinical analysis, professionalism, and capacity."

Stern says, "We know their tradition only too well—we grew up with it—Zimbalist and Heifetz and Elman and Koussevitzky and Horowitz and Rachmaninoff. These are still their gods—and we are still committed, too, to the quality of musical projection that comes out of that background. But our sensitivity has been beveled and rubbed by the Schnabels, the Toscaninis, the Kreislers." Contemporary Russian music had always been available here, and much of it had been popular; non-Russian contemporary music had been fairly thoroughly excluded from the Soviet Union. It must be said, though, that it was not until Artur Rubinstein heard Richter play Prokofiev that he decided to add certain of that composer's music to his own programs.

What dazzled the Americans and Western Europeans who went to Russia after the death of Stalin was almost never the esthetic quality of what they found; it was the quantity, and the rigor and success of the training program. "We watched classes every day from early morning till performance," says Robert Joffrey, whose own ballet company was small and still fairly new when it went to the Soviet Union in 1963. "It was a revelation to see their care with the children—eleven, twelve, thirteen years old. They select at an early age, after a medical examination; the bodies are ideal. Then they have years of very concentrated study, taking their academic work and their ballet work all in the same building, without financial worries. Their dancers become extremely flexible, especially at the lower part of the back—it's a unique style." In London, as the result of visits back and forth, the school of the Royal Ballet has been developing its own exercises, hoping to achieve "the Russian back."

The energy and dedication of Russian orchestral musicians gives right-wing ideas to Americans who are used to the discipline of trade-union rules in this country. "They believe in marathons," says Byron Janis. "After a three-concerto program, Kondrashin said to me, 'What shall we do for an encore?' My recording of the Prokofiev Concerto was made at two in the morning, after I had played a recital and they had played a concert."

Musicality and widespread, free training combine to give the visiting artist an audience to cherish. "Their taste is narrower," Stern says, "but within that range their reaction time is so quick—a

(*Continued on page* 78)

Nikita Khrushchev, as Premier, attends a reception in honor of the co-winners of the 1962 International Tchaikovsky Competition. At left, Vladimir Ashkenazy of the Soviet Union; at right, John Ogdon of Great Britain.

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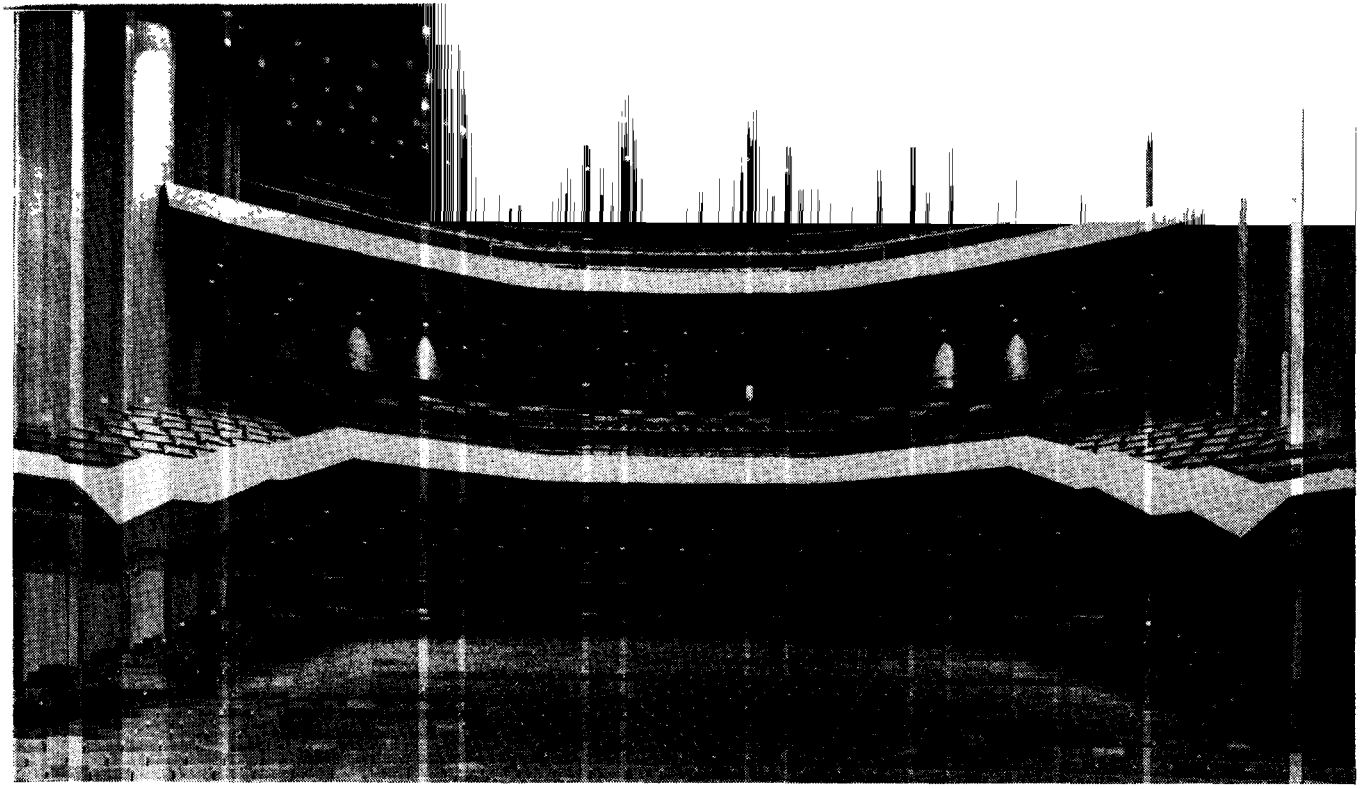


The main auditorium of the Jesse H. Jones Hall for the Performing Arts, Houston—"A stunning new hall."

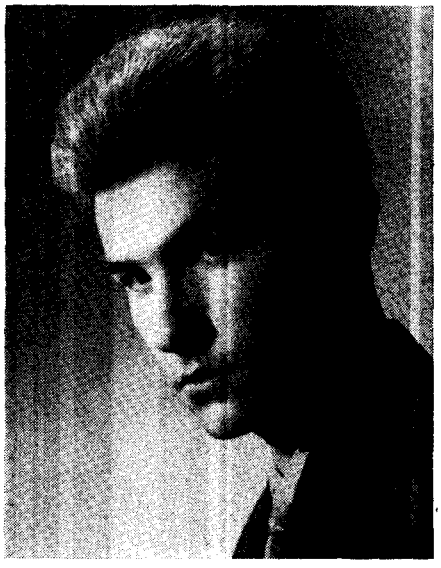
Keeping Up With the Cliburns (and the Joneses)

By PAUL HUME

FORT WORTH'S Second Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition has unleashed upon the world's concert stages a twenty-year-old Rumanian pianist who may prove to be one of its most storm-propelled performers. His name is Radu Lupu. In strong and direct contrast to the calm, rather detached manner of Ralph Votapek, the winner of the first Cliburn meet in 1962, Lupu is a firebrand, ready and able to eat up pianos and inflame audiences.

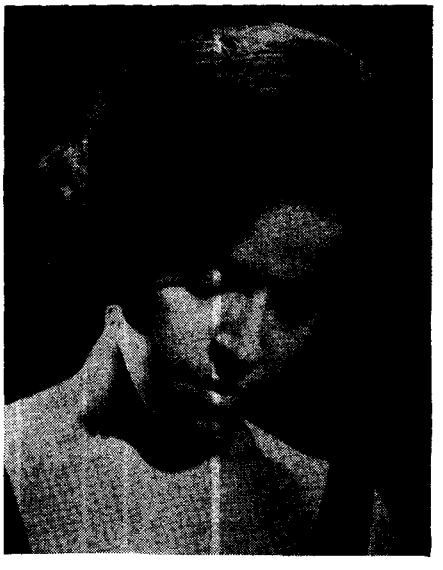
For the past five years, Lupu has been a student in Moscow, first in its Pre-Conservatory, then in the three years just past in the senior division of the Conservatory, where his work has been capped by study with Genrich Neuhaus, famed as the teacher of both Sviatoslav Richter and Emil Gilels. Short and stocky, with an unruly thatch of black hair, Lupu is strongly reminiscent of Gilels in appearance at the piano.

He won his Texas-sized victory—$10,000 donated by the National Guild of Piano Teachers—by convincing a demanding jury of seventeen eminent men



Radu Lupu, Rumania, first prize winner of the Second Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition.

Barry Lee Snyder of Rochester, N.Y., second prize winner and recipient of the award for best chamber music player.



Blanca Uribe, twenty-six, of Colombia, won third prize of $2,000.

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and women from fourteen countries that he was the most deserving of the forty-eight contestants who journeyed from sixteen countries and all over the United States to enter the two weeks of grueling tests. It was Lupu's sensitive but powerful way with Schubert's A-minor Sonata, Op. 143, and his commanding approach to the Adagio and Fugue of Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, Op. 110, that first impressed the jury. When he followed these up by winning a $500 Neiman-Marcus gold watch for the best performance of *Structure*—a new work by Willard Straight commissioned especially for this competition and required from all contestants—and then capturing the Annunciata Beall gold medal for the best account of the second movement of the Copland Sonata, it was clear that Lupu was going to be tough to beat.

His nearest rival, Barry Snyder, won second place and $3,000, along with a special Pan American Union award of $500 and a concert in the Union's Hall of the Americas. To these prizes, Snyder, who had opened his race for the crown with a breath-taking playing of Balakireff's *Islamey* at 10 o'clock of a Saturday morning, added the Cliburn prize of $600 for the best performance of chamber music, a category in which all semi-finalists competed with the assistance of the Curtis String Quartet.

Lupu, however, despite a good but not great account of the piano part in the Shostakovich Quintet, won the greatest public acclaim for a torrential performance of the opening movement of the Second Concerto of Prokofiev, which he preceded with the Beethoven E-flat Concerto that held noticeably less authority than his reading of the late sonata had shown. Strongly abetted by the Fort Worth Symphony, under the direction of Ezra Rachlin, Lupu turned on the heat in Prokofiev. The jury, which included such eminent pianists as Lili Kraus, Alicia de Larrocha, Friedrich Wuehrer, Beveridge Webster, and Gerald Moore, under the chairmanship of Howard Hanson, seemed to share the audience's unbounded enthusiasm for this irresistible playing.

To the $10,000, which is paid in four annual installments, Lupu will add a Hurok contract, an April 12 debut in Carnegie Hall, and numerous engagements both solo and orchestral in this country and Europe. It remains a mystery, however, why the winner of this competition, which Fort Worth presents with great distinction and high artistic standards, should not play on our major orchestral circuit rather than with the orchestras of Wichita Falls, Roanoke, Midland-Odessa, and Bloomington. Apparently we still prefer pianists who carry a Moscow accolade to those who make it all the way in this country.

Third and fourth prizes of $2,000 and $1,000 went to Blanca Uribe, twenty-six, of Colombia, and Maria Lopez-Vito, twenty-seven, from the Philippines. These rankings stunned the audience, which had thought, as had many professional observers in the audience, that Rudolf Buchbinder of Vienna might take at least second place, if not first. Buchbinder, a seasoned artist far beyond the normal expectations of his nineteen years, was called by one notable American pianist present in Fort Worth (but not on the jury) "the most formidable talent in the entire competition." For this young man, who played a marvelously sensitive role in the Dvořák Quintet and a superbly poised Beethoven First Concerto, to be ranked fifth, for a $750 prize, brought dramatic repercussions before the competition was over. He was joined at the lower end of the prize scale by Benedikt Koehlen, twenty-one, of Germany, who took the sixth prize of $500.

There were those who did not make the finals for whom great things can nevertheless be predicted. Foremost among these are Larry Graham, twenty-two, a pupil of Jacques Abram and Rosina Lhevinne; Thomas Hrynkiw, twenty-five, of Ukrainian background out of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, studying with Dora Zaslavsky in New York, and Robert Silverman, twenty-eight, of Montreal, who like Snyder, is a Cecile Genhart product.

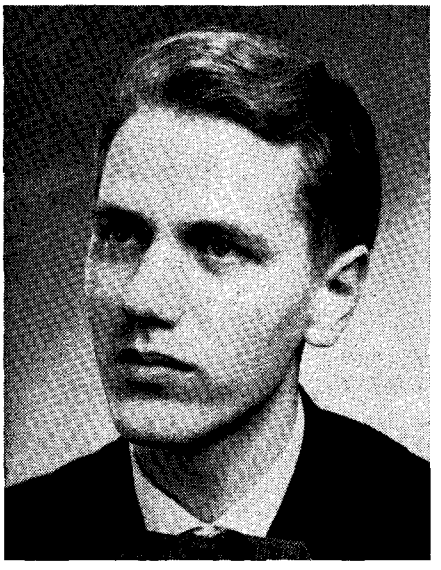
The flare-up over Buchbinder came after every award had been announced, with Irl Allison, president of the Piano Teachers Guild, making the presentation to Lupu in TCU's Landreth Auditorium, where the competition's preliminary and semi-final sessions were held. Sam Cantey III, chairman of the competition, told the audience, "A surprise award has just been announced, about which we knew nothing." By "we," Cantey correctly described the competition's executive committee as well as the entire jury. At that point, Mrs. Rildia Bea Cliburn, mother of the most famous U.S. contestant to make it in Moscow, stepped forward. To honor Dr. Allison, Mrs. Cliburn presented a prize of $1,500 —an amount halfway between third and fourth prize money—to Rudolf Buchbinder. The award was offered jointly by Van Cliburn, Mrs. William Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wilson. The surprise action, sparked by Cliburn himself, was a spontaneous act, if one that can hardly escape the impression of intending to second-guess a distinguished jury.

Four years ago, two Russian pianists, Nikolai Petrov and Mikhail Voskresenski, placed second and third in the first Cliburn Competition. This year the question often heard around Fort Worth

(*Continued on page 72*)

Maria Lopez-Vito, twenty-seven, of the Philippines, won fourth prize of $1,000.

Rudolf Buchbinder of Vienna, whose fifth place finish prompted a special award from the competition's sponsor.



Benedikt Koehlen, twenty-one, of Munich, Germany, winner of the sixth prize of $500.

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Recordings in Review

The Vocal Ives

IVES: *"General Booth Enters into Heaven"; "Serenity"; "The Circus Band"; "December"; "The New River"; "Harvest Home Chorales" (Three); "Psalm 100"; "Psalm 67"; "Psalm 24"; "Psalm 90"; and "Psalm 150." The Gregg Smith Singers, Ithaca College Concert Choir, The Texas Boys Choir and The Columbia Chamber Orchestra conducted by Gregg Smith, with Raymond Beegle, organ.* Columbia ML 6321, $4.79; stereo, MS 6921, $5.79.

FOR SOME, the introduction to Ives came in the Thirties through the recording of such songs as "Charlie Rutlage" and "General Booth Enters into Heaven." It is thus welcome to have the existing, ever growing recorded literature of instrumental works extended by such an abundant addition to the vocal Ives as this one. Some of the material (the "Harvest Home Chorales," "Psalm 67," "Circus Band") has found its way into other collections, but no previous choral survey has been as comprehensive or illuminating as this one.

It is illuminating of much more than a particular aspect of Ives's compositional gamut. For if there is a recurrent, underlying counterpull in Ives's esthetic, it is from the sacred hymnal vocabulary to the folk and popular. Both are represented here, in ways that are not only stimulating in themselves, but contributory to better understanding and appreciation of the symphonies and other orchestral works.

Included in the commentary by the longtime authority on the subject, John Kirkpatrick, is the statement that the newly discovered setting of "Psalm 90," "was, as Ives's wife heard him say, the only one of his compositions that satisfied him." The reasons for this are evident when one hears it in a performance of this quality. The means are exactly suitable to the purposes by which the composer was animated; there is neither scantiness nor excess in the application of them to the text ("Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place from one generation to another"); the outcries of the voices are calmed and sustained by the use of the organ as, literally, an organ point ("a constant low C," says Kirkpatrick, "like an eternal presence"), with a touch of bell sound as a resolving factor.

As satisfying as it is for the information provided by Kirkpatrick, the annotation is equally unsatisfying for its failure to provide any documentation at all about Gregg Smith. To judge from the discipline, fervor, and excellent musical shape he imposes on the performances of the ensembles utilized here, he impresses me as the best new man in this field since Robert Shaw. The recorded sound is excellent.

Nine for the Price of One

PURCELL: *"When I am Laid in Earth" (Dido and Aeneas).* MOZART: *"Dove sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro).* VERDI: *"Addio del passato" (La Traviata).* MEYERBEER: *"Sur mes genoux, fils du soleil" (L'Africaine).* MASSENET: *"Adieu, notre petite table" (Manon).* VERDI: *"Salce, Salce," "Ave Maria" (Otello).* CILEA: *"Io son l'umile ancella" (Adriana Lecouvreur).* CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis le jour" (Louise).* BARBER: *"Do not utter a Word" (Vanessa). Leontyne Price, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.* RCA Victor LM 2898, $4.79; stereo, LSC 2898, $5.79.

IT IS easy to conclude from the list of contents above—plus the billing on the package, *Leontyne Price Prima Donna*, and the painting by Tomas Concepcion which bears only the sketchiest resemblance to the photograph of the subject displayed on the rear cover—that this is a typical "celebrity" promotion. The only difference is that Miss Price sings all the diverse matter with sound artistry and an impressive range of vocal colors to differentiate Dido from Manon, and Louise from Vanessa. To the surprise of some, no doubt, she shows the vocal repose for "Dove sono" as well as the trill to do justice to that requirement in the excerpt from Selika's part of *L'Africaine*.

Where the collection fails of full justice to the challenge confronted is in the area of characterization. It is no accident or mystery why the *scena* of Vanessa from the first act of Barber's opera is the most believable of her endeavors. It enables her to go, dramatically, all out, and directly to the heart of the mood conveyed by the music. In most other circumstances—especially, as in the *Manon* and *Otello* excerpts, when she is working with a lighter quality than she normally employs—the sound to me is of a performer more concerned with articulating notes than defining character. To be sure, the notes are sometimes—as in "Depuis le jour"—remarkably beautiful, and will doubtless give pleasure to many of and for themselves. But a performer with her capabilities should strive for the essence of artistry—which is dramatic truth—rather than being satisfied with one aspect of it, which is sensuous pleasure.

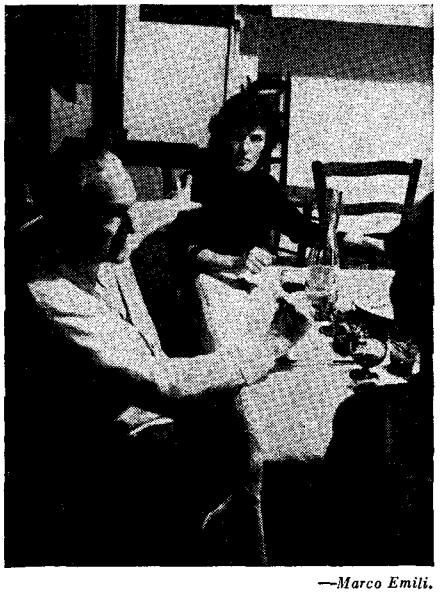
In his production of the various styles and sounds required from the orchestra, Molinari-Pradelli keeps pace with his principal but does not, really, set a high enough standard to urge her on to something better. Included in the elaborate, particularly well printed and illustrated brochure, is one small essay describing the recording session which includes the words "during intermissions, awaiting the return of the orchestra, they tried out Cole Porter songs at the piano, 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' coming off especially well." The Kern family won't like that one bit.

Vale, Scherchen

HAYDN: *Sinfonia Concertante in B flat, Op. 84.* DANZI: *Sinfonia Concertante in E flat. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna Radio Orchestra.* Westminster XWN 19100, $4.79; stereo, WST 17100, $4.79.

SOME may suggest that it is sheer coincidence that the first disc to be reviewed here to bear the name of the late Hermann Scherchen since his death last summer contains a work by Haydn, the composer with whom his world fame was first associated. In the view of others it is merely proof that however far his glance moved from the center of his musical focus Scherchen could be counted on to return it sooner or later.

Whether by coincidence or by predestination, it is nevertheless a performance which renews admiration for all of Scherchen's best qualities—his ability to arouse a convinced response from the musicians with whom he collaborated, his capacity to combine scholarship with



—Marco Emili.

The late Hermann Scherchen at home in Switzerland, with his wife.

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verve in matching proportions, and to personalize his music-making without substituting his personality for the composer's. It was, withal, a rare combination of elements which, like any other product of age and experience, will never be exactly duplicated.

Like its better known counterpart by Haydn, the Danzi offers an invitation to collaborative effort which is gratefully accepted by Camillo Wanausek, flute; Ernst Mühlbacher, horn; Jürg Schaeftlein, oboe; and Leo Cermak, bassoon; (the two last named are joined in the Haydn by Michael Schnitzler, violin; and Wolfgang Herzer, cello). It is an interesting instance of the difference between a very good composer and a great one. Certainly not in the realm of technique, for Danzi weaves an artful texture with his chosen means; but, as certainly, in the realm of ideas, which almost invariably take the turn expected of them rather than moving off into new and delight-provoking directions. Throughout, the sound is Scherchen-Viennese, which is to say beautifully pure, sonorous, and suitable to the subject matter.

Haas, Ravelian

RAVEL: *Gaspard de la nuit; Jeux d'eau; Prélude in A minor; Menuet sur le nom "Haydn"; Miroirs; A la manière de Borodine; A la manière de Chabrier; Le Tombeau de Couperin; Menuet antique; Sonatine; Valses nobles et sentimentales; and Pavane pour une infante défunte. Werner Haas, piano.* Philips World Series PHC 2-001, $2.50.

ONE of these days or years an enterprising manager will produce Werner Haas on the concert stages of America and the broad public will discover what is already well known to some record buyers: that he is an uncommonly talented young man with a special affinity for the works of Debussy and Ravel. The first fact was evident in his initial appearance on the Epic label in an all-Debussy recital [RECORDINGS, Oct. 2, 1960]. The second is equally evident in his accomplishment of a task that has been undertaken by few, and successfully achieved only by two—Walter Gieseking and Robert Casadesus.

It is not yet time to put Haas in the category of the Big Two, for the variety of colors and the diversity of insights required to do complete justice to the range of expression that Ravel packed into his piano literature comes only gradually. But there is little doubt that Haas has the essential qualifications—a piano sound of clinging sonority and transparent clarity, which is seldom pushed beyond the limits of resonance. Finger technique, of course, is almost taken for granted in these times, but Haas's has both the velocity and the control to suit the requirements of the literature with which he is concerned on these discs.

What he does not yet demonstrate is the range of poetic purpose to encompass *Le Gibet* as well as the *Valses nobles et sentimentales*. The interpretative personality tends to fall a little short of fulfilment at both extremes—insufficiently dramatic for the first, not quite volatile enough for the second. And certainly there is more wit in Ravel's subtle take-off of Chabrier than Haas conveys in his slightly sentimentalized re-creation. However, these are the refinements that make for mastery, and the proposition here is simply that he is on the road to it. Or, as noted previously in discussing the traits that affiliate him with the late Gieseking, if he is "walking in the shadow of the great man . . . at least he is on the right side of the street." His good piano sound is very well reproduced.

A Whiff of Korjus

GOUNOD: *Waltz (Roméo et Juliet).* MOZART: *Variations (K.265).* DELL'ACQUA: *Villanelle.* MEYERBEER: *"Aria of Vielka" (Ein Feldlager in Schliesien).* GOSSEC: *Gavotte.* BISHOP: *"Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark"* and *"Home, Sweet Home."* OFFENBACH: *Barcarole (Tales of Hoffmann).* BIZET: *"Chanson Bohème" (Carmen).* RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Chant hindou" (Sadko).* STRAUSS: *"Komm' in die Gondel" (Nacht in Venedig), Lullaby. Miliza Korjus, soprano.* Venus 963-M. (Venus Recording Company of America, Box 1451, Beverly Hills, California 90213)

AT first impression, the disc above identified appears to be a reissue of the numerous sides issued over the name of Miliza Korjus when she was a celebrity of the Thirties (European first, then Californian, as Hollywood sought to turn that celebrity into good, Depression dollars). But all of the evidence—including the descriptive material on the sleeve—indicates that it is of much more recent origin, though just how recent is not clearly stated. Had I not known what I was listening to, I would have guessed that some of side 1 (the *Roméo et Juliet* Waltz, and the Mozart Variations with their intricate, but deliberate staccatos) was a product of an earlier fluent time, most of side 2 a guarded exhibition of remaining skills by a performer in her mid-fifties.

In any case, the consistent purity of sound is remarkable, even when the performances are crooned rather than sung (as in the excerpt from *Nacht in Venedig*). Quite in a class by itself is the

A cover decoration from the Miliza Korjus album.

version of the "Barcarole" from what is literally *Hoffmann's Erzählung* as the text preferred is German. Korjus begins with a slice of music belonging to Hoffmann, and proceeds to perform the lines of both Giulietta and Nicklausse. This leads to speculation of a version of the opera in which all eight principal parts would be sung by the same person.

Reference to German as the language of the *Hoffmann* excerpt may suggest that this is her preferred second language (after the one of the composer, of course, which is hardly ever favored). But this premise would hardly go with a "Chanson Bohème" sung in Russian, a "Home Sweet Home" partially in English but otherwise indistinguishable, and a portion of Meyerbeer's *Ein Feldlager in Schliesien* of which the prevailing impression is of French. As for "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," it is pure coloraturese.

Whatever the age or circumstances governing the totality, it is proof that her remarkable technique of youth remained available to her a long time, and that the basically fresh, unspoiled sound persisted when the range was restricted, and she could only attempt a portion of the "Chant hindou" from *Sadko* which was readily within her range in the days of old. For that matter, the record is worth acquiring for the sleeve copy alone, which ends by stating, "Be-

(*Continued on page* 61)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: *Brandenburg* Concerti. Karl Ristenpart conducting the Chamber Orchestra of the Saar. Nonesuch B 3006, $2.50; stereo HB 73006, $2.50.	Ristenpart's effort is plainly directed at authenticity, which is achieved by use of recorders, harpsichord, clarino trumpet, etc., at the appropriate places. In this respect he has evolved a remarkably consistent texture among the six works which may, in some treatments, come out not only as different from each other, but almost as the product of several different musical intellects. To this extent, then, Ristenpart's effort is worthy of admiration. However, it doesn't go too far beyond this in animating, clarifying, and humanizing the patterns of sound as they were born in Bach's brain. His disposition to "bright" (if not actually fast) tempi tends, in such movements as the finale of No. 2 and the first of No. 5, to make an aural blur of the interrelated patterns, especially in the latter where the harpsichord, played well by Robert Veyron-Lacroix, is consistently treading on its own tail, acoustically. Others associated in the venture are Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; and Georg-Friedrich Hendel (a violinist, not a typographical error). They are typically excellent, and when functioning as a unit (in the slow movement of No. 5) satisfying to hear together. However, in the ensemble movements led by Ristenpart, mere pace too often takes the place of momentum and a dry, note-perfect outline of inflection and variety. Very good detail in reproduction.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 3. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 6297, $4.79; stereo, MS 6897, $5.79.	Few conductors have done as well with this work as Szell (and none better) in a performance that is all compact of understanding, sensitivity, and technical command. However, well begun is not always half done with Bruckner, whose inclination to repetition and over-elaboration is more pronounced in this work than in most others. It is also a liability that the Adagio is divided between sides 1 and 2, with five minutes left over from the 9:57 of the beginning. As the same procedure prevails (almost to the choice of separation points) in the versions of Knappertsbusch (London CM 9107) and Haitink (Philips 500-068; stereo, PHS 900-068), the conclusion must be that no other procedure is feasible on disc. Let us hope that the tape version of the Szell will not merely reproduce the limitations of the disc.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 6 in D (formerly No. 1). London Symphony conducted by Witold Rowicki. Philips World Series PHC 9008, $2.50.	This may well be the best recording yet of a work which embodies many of the most cherishable qualities of the composer (the compliment is not too inclusive, for earlier issues known to me were limited to a poorly reproduced Cleveland Orchestra performance directed by Leinsdorf and another of limited fidelity by Sejna and the Czech Philharmonic). It shows Rowicki (whose activities in this country have been limited to appearances with the touring Warsaw Philharmonic) as a conductor with a fine ear for orchestral sound and a lively instinct for its productive use. In this work, for example, which retains much of the folk flavor in the Slavonic Dances and Rhapsodies, he resists the temptation to drive the orchestra, keeping the texture light, the spirit high throughout. The recording, which is proclaimed as a compatible stereo-mono made possible by "phase control" strikes me—at first hearing—as more mono than stereo. That is, the quantity of "difference" audible when one stereo channel or the other is cut in or off doesn't amount to very much. It is well known that a mono groove can be reproduced by a stereo stylus: now they have given us not much more than a mono groove and called it "compatible" stereo. A good enough sound, but not, to my ear, real stereo, in this instance.
Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante* in E-flat (K. 297b). Václav Smetáček conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra with František Hanták, oboe; Milos Kopecky, clarinet; Karel Váček, bassoon; and Miroslav Stefek, horn. Concerto No. 3 in E-flat. Karel Ančerl conducting, with Stefek, horn. Crossroads 22 16 0035, $2.49; stereo 22 16 0036, $2.49.	This version of the great *Sinfonia Concertante* is not the best sounding on record (that honor would belong to either the Karajan-Philharmonia on Angel or the Ormandy-Philadelphia on Columbia), but it has engaging qualities of enthusiasm, musicianship and integrated ensemble to commend it. Smetáček provides a shapely frame in his statement of the introductory section and the quartet of winds fits it snugly throughout. Stefek, who is able enough for his part of the ensemble work, hardly measures up to international standards as soloist in the horn concerto. That has much to do, in the first instance, with the kind of horn sound favored—a heavier, less agreeable quality than that of his colleagues of England and America, nor does he manipulate it too well.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 4; *Maskerade* Overture. Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony. Decca 10127, $4.79; stereo, 710127, $5.79.	Of the several Nielsen symphonies which have been recorded and rerecorded, this strikes me as among the less durable on rehearing (despite its subtitle "The Inextinguishable"). It shows, on closer acquaintance, more kinship with the method of Sibelius (who, by the time of its completion in 1916, had created his first five symphonies) than had hitherto been apparent. That includes an emphasis on churning strings and choiring brass in fragmentary proclamations of themes eventually revealed in all their total unimportance, and other devices to delay rather than hasten clarification of purpose. None of this has anything to do with the performance, which is strong, well shaded, and forward moving. The preceding *Maskerade* Overture is lively and travels well. By contrast with some other recent recordings from Cincinnati, this one seems to have more "room sound" in it, and not a very good "room" (Music Hall?) at that. The result is to open up the acoustic frame, so to speak, and convey a sense of emptiness around the orchestra.
Reicha: Symphony in E flat. Voříšek: Symphony in D. Prague Chamber Orchestra. Crossroads 22 16 0007, $2.49; stereo 22 16 0008, $2.49.	Those who might have idly speculated where the Haydn-Beethoven kind of symphony went when the latter went on to expand it into the *Eroica,* the C minor, the *Pastorale,* etc., will find at least part of the answer on this disc. It didn't go underground, but rather, over ground, to the flourishing musical community of Bohemia, where both of these composers were born. In the case of Reicha (who gravitated to Paris, where he had twenty years of prominence as a professor at the Conservatoire—and taught, among others, Berlioz, Liszt, and Gounod), the discovery is not new, for he has a variety of works recorded previously. None, however, was as good as this springy, admirably propulsive symphony, which has an ideal performance by the apparently conductorless Prague ensemble. What Voříšek might have accomplished had he not died in 1825 at the age of thirty-four is unpredictable, for he was clearly a composer of exceptional impulses and highly refined technique. Those who are partial to such works of Beethoven as the Second and Fourth Symphonies will find much more to their taste in this concise, dynamically varied work. It, too, is brilliantly set forth by the Prague ensemble, which is much more than just a group of efficient executants. Among themselves, they develop more of a personal statement about the music they play than sometimes emerges from a so-called "name" conductor. Good sound, which appears to have added "echo" tastefully supervised.
Smetana: *Má Vlast.* Karel Ančerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Crossroads 22 26 0001, $2.49; stereo 22 26 0002, $2.49.	As long as there have been means of communicating the results, the best interpreters of this majestic series of tone poems—either individually or collectively—have been Smetana's countrymen. This includes both the home-based Václav Talich and the emigré Rafael Kubelik, when he was recording in Chicago for Mercury. The sequence is eloquently extended by Ančerl, who learned his lessons at the source. For those to whom Smetana's orchestral work is symbolized by the much played "Vlatava" ("Moldau"), the opportunity provided by this inexpensive pair of discs to become acquainted with "Sarka," "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields," and "Blanik" (among others) should not be overlooked. The "Moldau" is undoubtedly the one in which Smetana's qualities are present in their most concentrated form, but all the others have their quota of interest. The orchestral performance is up to expectations, the reproduction equal to current standards. —Irving Kolodin.

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 59

cause of present recording activities, Miliza Korjus is postponing all concert activities throughout the world."

"Les Noces" by Boulez

STRAVINSKY: *Les Noces, Pierre Boulez conducting the chorus and soloists of the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris, with Jacqueline Brumaire, soprano; Denise Scharley, mezzo; Jacques Pottier, tenor; and José Van Dam, bass; with Geneviève Joy, Ina Marika, Jacques Delécluse and Michel Quéval, pianists. Pribaoutki; Four Russian Songs, Brumaire, soprano; Berceuses du Chat, Scharley, mezzo; Four Russian Peasant Songs, Women's Chorus with four horns, Boulez conducting.* Nonesuch H 1133, $2.50; stereo H 71133, $2.50.

NOT only for his general abilities as a conductor but for his specific insights into the works of Stravinsky, a new Boulez devoted to that composer is a command to the attention. What this one has to offer is not nearly so arresting nor musically provocative as his version of *Le Sacre du printemps,* for the reason that the content hardly lends itself to such exposition, not to say exploitation.

In utilizing a French text, the version of *Les Noces* falls rather short of the mark that one would have assumed that Boulez set for himself. This is not a usual case of preferring one language over another for reasons of "authenticity"; but rather that the French syllables introduce an element of time and place that strikes me as foreign to the flavor and spirit of the work. At the same time it must be noted that one must go back to the Vanguard version by Mario Rossi to find one in Russian (Ansermet also uses French, and the composer himself, a text in English). In a basic musical dimension, Boulez does not develop the rhythmic propulsion or the dynamic force to release the clangor and drive in this score.

The four tracks on side 2 are another and better story, if only because the material has rarely been duplicated and, if the present Schwann listings are reliable, is not available in such juxtaposition on any contemporary record. They were all originally composed between 1911 and 1919, though some of the material has been reworked in more recent times (the Peasant Songs were originally *a cappella*). All the performances are admirably supervised by Boulez. Eric Salzman's pertinent annotations do not make up for the lack of texts for any of the material. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Britten: Serenade. Charles Bressler, tenor; Ralph Froelich, French horn; and the Music Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. Barber: Concerto. Raya Garbousova, cello, with Waldman conducting. Decca DL 10132, $4.79; stereo, 710132, $5.79.	The light quality of Bressler's voice, against the persistent instrumental colors, produces almost a "reorchestration" of Britten's cycle, as if the Barber Concerto, for example, were to be performed with a viola rather than a cello soloist. It undoubtedly contributes to a simpler solution of the vocal difficulties, especially those florid passages in which Britten chose to indulge, but one wonders whether it is not really a case of begging the question rather than answering it. He articulates cleanly, and makes a sizeable percentage of the text audible, but, in the end, the dislocation of color values subtracts more than the other benefits add. Garbousova, of course, is the long-time proponent of Barber's expressive work, and her command has only increased since she introduced it twenty years ago. Waldman surrounds both soloists with congenial opportunities for them to do their best, and hornist Froelich is in every way equal to the virtuoso task he undertakes.
Elgar: Quintet in A minor, Op. 84. Aeolian Quartet, with Leonard Cassini, piano. Bax: *Legend*. Watson Forbes, viola, and Cassini, piano. Dover HCR 5260, $2.00; stereo, HCR 7012, $2.00.	Were it not for such an enterprise as Dover, it is improbable that American listeners would have the opportunity of hearing such a work as the Elgar Quintet and judging for themselves whether it is something with which to live. For it hardly rates so high on the scale of the world's masterworks that it would invite sponsorship by a group not native to the composer, or distribution through ordinary, mass channels. It is nevertheless a work of many fine qualities, all of them germane to the medium Elgar has chosen. To be sure, profound originality is not among those qualities, but, like the gentleman he was, Elgar repaid with interest everything he borrowed in the way of structural concepts and musical point of view. And everything has the stamp of his own musical personality, which means that it will appeal to any to whom the Violin Concerto or the *Enigma* Variations are congenial. Cassini is a first class pianist, and performs admirably with Watson Forbes, violist of the Quartet, in the Bax *Legend* as well as in the Quintet.
Ferguson: Sonata No. 1. Khachaturian, K.: Sonata No. 1. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Lillian Steuber, piano. RCA Victor LM 2909, $4.79; stereo LSC 2909, $5.79.	This disc introduces a Heifetz who is not quite the old Heifetz, a Khachaturian who is not the usual Khachaturian, and a piano collaborator who is new to both. The "new" Heifetz is one who has sought out contemporary chamber music which is congenial to him, and performs it with conviction; the Khachaturian is not the well known Aram, but his nephew Karen. Of the two works, the Ferguson has the greater substance and individuality, but both mount in interest when performed as they are here. Miss Steuber, who is a fellow instructor of Heifetz's at the School of Music of the University of Southern California, improves the opportunity afforded to her here with strong outlines, firmly controlled execution, and the kind of musical subtlety that complements his own. Also a factor of consequence is the quality of sound she produces, with a kind of *matte* quality to go well with her partner's. Chivalry also has its yield in musical results, for Heifetz's lady associate gets a place closer to the microphone than most of her male predecessors and the resulting balance is much better than in some earlier sonata recordings by him.
Hummel: Septet in D minor, Op. 74; Quintet in E flat, Op. 87. Melos Ensemble, with Lamar Crowson, piano. L'Oiseau—Lyre OL 290, $5.79; stereo, OLS 290, $5.79.	The Septet is what might be called second generation Hummel, which is to say a descendant of the original recording of the Fifties on Westminster, with a Viennese ensemble. This English product profits not only from that valuable example, but also by the possession of a more animated performing style by the Melos ensemble (Richard Adeney, flute; Peter Graeme, oboe; Neill Sanders, horn; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; Terence Weil, cello; and Adrian Beers, double bass). Those who have heard the earlier edition will require no urging to improve their knowledge and enjoyment of the work with this one: Others may be advised that it has a quality all its own, which is admirably synthesized by Crowson, a pianist of fleet fingers and informed taste. However, even those satisfied with their previous version of the Septet should take note of the Quintet, which has more of the spirit of Mozart's G-minor piano quartet than anything after Beethoven (Mozart was one of his mentors, of course). It offers the double bass as the fifth member of the ensemble in place of the second violin, which adds more than a little to solidity of sound. The violinist is Emanuel Hurwitz; the others of the string-piano group are identified above.
Janáček: Quartets Nos. 1 and 2. Janáček Quartet. Crossroads 22 16 0013, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0014, $2.49.	Those who are attracted to the chamber music literature as a special, absorbing phase of the whole literature will find these two works alive with interest though it is now nearly forty years since the composer's death in 1928, and he pointed no way for a successor to pursue. The interest is, rather, of the same order as has been discovered lately in several of his operas, the *Slavonic Mass*, etc.—the expressions of an intensely musical man whose urge to communicate transcended considerations of technique or formal finesse. There is a seizing originality and drive here, whether in the relatively known No. 2, which bears the subtitle "Intimate Pages" and bears a more than slight relationship to Smetana's *Aus meinem Leben* Quartet, or in the all but unknown No. 1, which takes its thesis from Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata*. This makes it a fair kind of oddity—a musical work derived from a literary work derived from a musical work. Freewheeling and formally impulsive rather than reflective, they make an absorbing experience as recreated by the Czech ensemble bearing the composer's name. Excellent sound too.
Mahler: *Kindertotenlieder*; *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Seraphim M 60026, $2.49; stereo, S 60026, $2.49.	As the designation suggests, these performances belong to the mezzo phase of the Ludwig career, which is to say when the voice did not yet possess its current lighter, brighter character. Thus it is altogether suitable for the melancholy and tears of Mahler's settings of Rückert's texts and the *Knaben Wunderhorn* material. An intelligent, aware performer, Ludwig may be counted upon to solve most of her problems seriously and in the composer's interest. The one objection to be entered in the instance is to her preferred tempi, which incline to a deliberation that sometimes verges on suspended animation. Where so much emotion is inherent in the subject matter itself, the addition to it of more, externally motivated, can do the desired result a disservice. Boult does his work expertly, and the able orchestra responds in kind. Very satisfactory sound.
Mozart: Divertimento in E flat (K.563). Trio à Cordes Français. Nonesuch 1102, $2.50; stereo H 71102, $2.50.	Why there should be a French tradition in the performance of this work is hard to say, but one of its greatest interpreters for the record as well as in the concert hall was the trio of the brothers Pasquier, and another fine version had as its violinist Jean Pougnet. The standard suggested by both references has a welcome echo in this cultivated ensemble, whose members are Gerard Jerry, violin; Serge Collot, viola; and Michel Tournus, cello. They have not quite the same identity of sound as the memorable entity which was united by ties of blood, but they manage well enough. The interpretative effort is also on a high level though the finale does not quite sustain it. Taking all things together, it is the preferable value among the versions now available. I.K.

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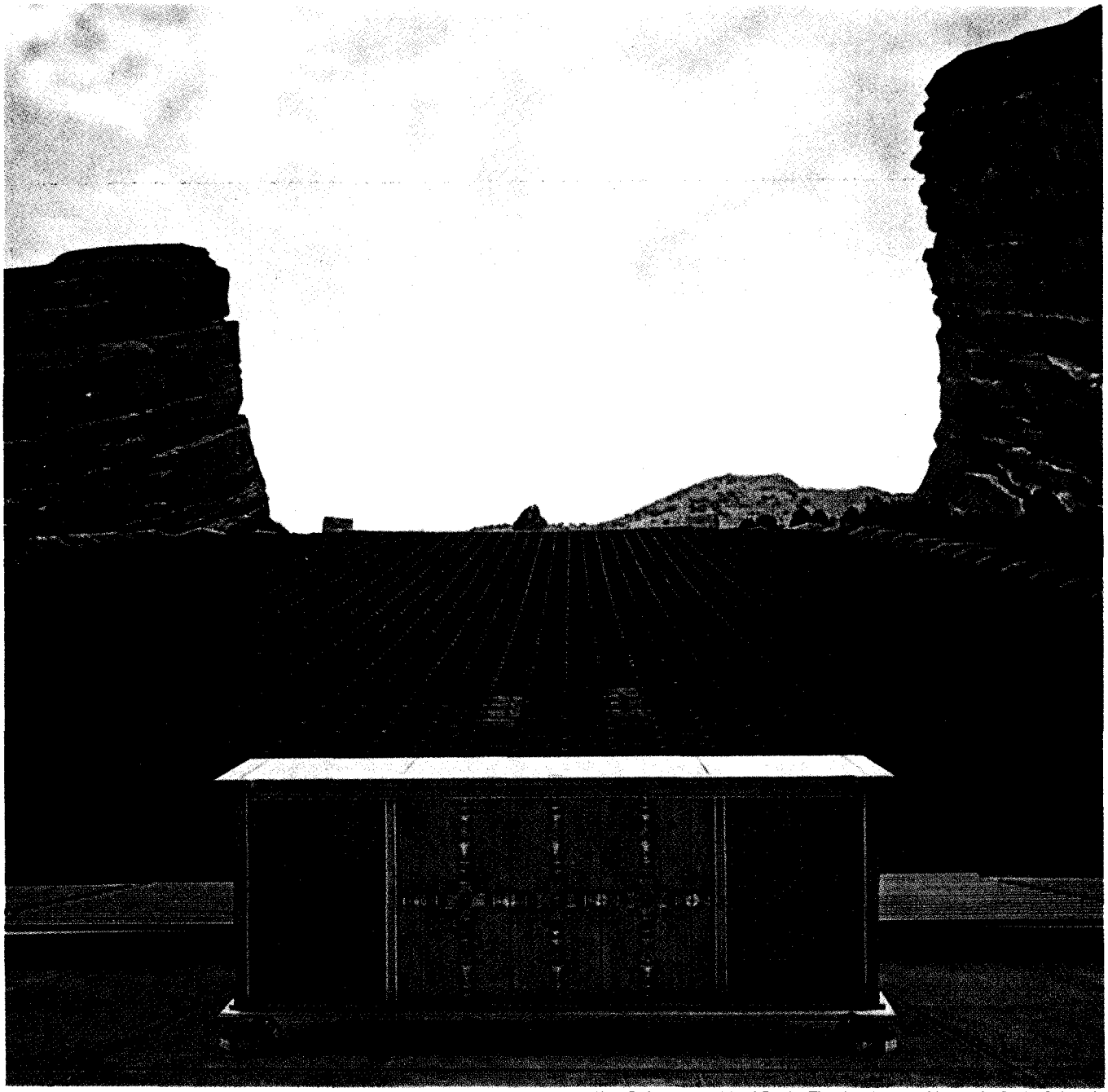

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Donizetti's "Campanello"

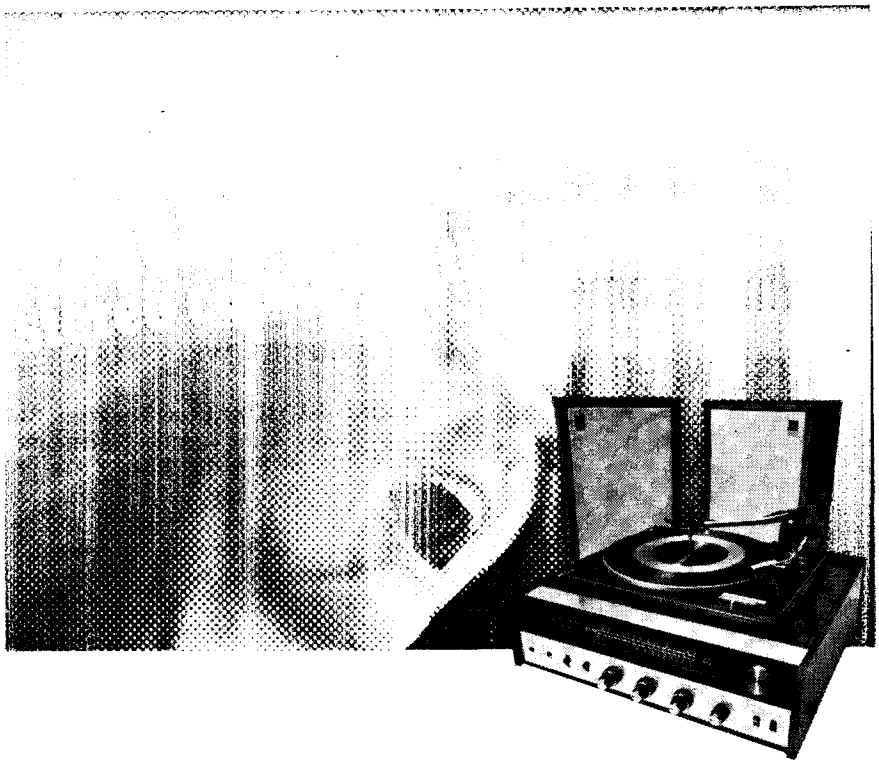
AS WITH Gaetano Donizetti's pastoral *Betly* (Dover, 5218), written in that same productive summer of 1836, *La Campanello* has its libretto by the composer himself. This single-act opera, previously available only on an imported monophonic Cetra recording (LP 50,027), has recently been released for the first time in stereo by Deutsche Grammophon (SPLM 139 123). That a composer of delectable melodies should prove a crafty librettist is indeed unusual in the operatic trade. The art of writing a one-act opera might offer comparison to that of creating a short story: Characters must quickly spring into existence, and relationships and conflicts must immediately be established in broad, clear strokes. Donizetti accomplished this and the results are engaging.

Briefly, the aged druggist Don Annibale Pistacchio has married the young Serafina. Her former suitor, Enrico, a practical joker, seeks revenge. According to a Neapolitan statute, any apothecary who does not fill prescriptions in person at any hour is liable to imprisonment. Using this weapon, Enrico embarks on a series of disguises and pranks to prevent the old man from getting to his bridal chamber.

What this plot imposes upon the leading baritone is a veritable dramatic and vocal *tour de force*. As a French dandy, a hoarse opera singer, and a rheumatic old man, he runs the musical gamut from romantic cavatina to lightning, Rossini-like patter music. As a true *bel canto* virtuoso, the baritone's crowning scene rightly comes as the opera singer out-of-voice. At first he is called on to musically bespeak a sore throat, and then as he "tries" his voice after taking medicine, he must take off in a series of difficult high notes, runs, and embellishments. Donizetti's ability to spoof the foibles of his own world, the lyric theater, is sheer delight, and Alberto Rinaldi, as Enrico, displays a suave-sounding voice with ample agility and technique to make the most of the score.

The remainder of the cast—not known in this country and assembled from the Teatro La Fenice in Venice—while not possessing the ultimate in polish or "star quality," is more than competent and provides many sparkling moments. Alfredo Mariotti, as Don Annibale, suggests the outrageous humor and touching quality of this blustery, victimized apothecary, much in the manner of Don Pasquale. As the bride Serafina, Emma Bruno de Sanctis is spirited of voice and temperament. Ettore Gracis conducts the orchestra and chorus of La Fenice with spontaneity and verve, a sense of clarity, and a small, comfortable scale ideally suited to the opera.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.



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Lang's Masterly Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

LONG-RUMORED and awaited, Paul Henry Lang's critical biography, *George Frideric Handel* (W. W. Norton & Company, 731 pp. $12.) was worth waiting for. Scholarly and exhaustive, it surely is the most important book on the great composer since the publication of Chrysander's incomplete biography in 1858-1867. Not only has Professor Lang newly and carefully examined the data of Handel's life and times; he also has sifted the Handel legend and mythology and given us reliable decisions on what really happened and what is fiction. Even more important, he has filled in the musical and operatic backgrounds so comprehensively that anyone willing to devote himself to this book will learn of the world into which Handel's talent was born, how that talent evolved, and how it left the musical world a different place than it formerly had been.

Very long and densely written, Professor Lang's book certainly is destined for the most serious students and the most engaged Handel enthusiasts (that casual readers of biography or history would be willing and able to wrestle with its impasto-like writing and patches of professorial humor for 706 pages of text is extremely unlikely). Here they will find Handel's native German ambiance well evoked; here they will find his Italian months sorted out and explained; here, finally and most importantly, they will find every essential key to the activities and meaning of his nearly fifty years in London. Having understood what Professor Lang is saying, they will also have understood much about Handel's contemporaries, from Alessandro Scarlatti to Thomas Augustine Arne and from Johann Adolf I of Saxe-Weissenfels to George III. This is a crowded, compact, pullulating series of panoramas, seen first from afar and then in detail, close up. Dr. Lang's Handel is not the pious, unreal hero of much nineteenth-century English writing about him, with its undue emphasis on *Messiah* and the Christian virtues. Rather, his Handel is an amazingly protean and changeable man, not the least important and winning of whose works were the Italian operas of which we have known so little.

Unhappily, Professor Lang writes awkwardly much of the time and does not assist his willing reader by supplying clarity and light. At times, indeed, one wonders how a publisher's editor could allow to stand such non-English as this: "That Handel's earning and husbanding of money started early is demonstrated by the fact that in 1703 he had already returned to his mother the money she had sent him and began to support her with modest remittances." Or (*very* confusing): "Handel later borrowed from Clari's very fine vocal duets and trios in *Theodora*" (*Theodora* was Handel's, not Clari's).

Nor has Professor Lang always been as careful with peripheral statements as with purely Handelian matters. He writes, for example, that Handel's opera *Agrippina* ran for twenty-seven nights at the San Giovanni Grisostomo theater in Venice beginning on December 26, 1709, and adds that this was "an unparalleled success not only in Venice but in all the annals of Italian opera for an initial run." But to name only two longer initial runs, Rossini's *La Pietra del paragone* won fifty-three performances at La Scala, Milan, in 1812—and Verdi's *Nabucco* was heard there fifty-eight times in 1842. The twenty-seven-night run of *Agrippina*, in fact, was exceeded often. Nor should he assert that Chrysander's "low opinion of [Reinhard] Keiser has been unquestioningly accepted in the general Handel literature." I myself, in a brief biography of Handel published in 1946 and revised in 1959, wrote of Keiser as "this astonishing genius," and I could point out to Professor Lang half a dozen other lofty opinions of Keiser in post-Chrysander books dealing with Handel.

In view of what Professor Lang has accomplished, however—of what he has done for dedicated Handelians—these are sorrowful quibbles. He has brought back into full view one of the most complex and fascinating periods in European musical history and has reaffirmed Handel's right to a place of first importance among the greatest practitioners, not only of English oratorio (a right seldom questioned), but also of Italian opera and half a dozen other sorts of music. His book will enjoy a long life in the hands of grateful students and the widespread sodality of ardent Handelians. As another, if minor, worker in the vineyard, I salute him.

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N. Y. Hi Fi Show

SHOWMANSHIP and visual appeal were the keys to this year's New York Component High Fidelity Show, which ended October 3 at the New York Trade Show Building. Wharfedale had a fifteen-minute sit-down show (which we failed to catch), Garrard its usual film feature, Pickering a film featuring a wild record cleaner of bubbling alembics and flapping featherdusters. Dual had not one but five movies.

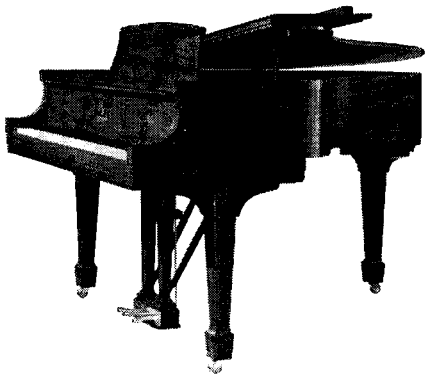
The Sony Corporation had a video time delay—video tape recorded on one Sony machine stretched two or three feet across a table and played on a second Sony video recorder; thanks to the time the tape spent in transit from one machine to the other, you could wave your hand before the camera and see your wave just beginning on the right screen long after it had concluded on the left one. McIntosh used television, too, to make clearly visible an oscilloscope screen displaying three virtually identical traces representing an input signal and the same signal as it appeared after passage through McIntosh tube and transistor amplifiers; it was especially transistor amplifiers. And Acoustic Research, of course, had one of its famed "live-vs.-recorded" demonstrations.

Showmanship and a good design sense were visible in many more of the booths —and in quite a few products. The black-glass "disappearing dials" of the new Harman-Kardon receivers and Acoustech tuner drew favorable female comment. Norelco had a low-profile, teakwood stereo recorder using reel-to-reel tapes and even more compact, equally sleek mono and stereo recorders using the same cassette as the earlier

Norelco Carry-Corder (itself recently redesigned). Sony and Wollensak also demonstrated recorders using this cassette, Sony's including a built-in AC power supply, a directional microphone, and a "servo-motor" speed-control. Telmar's 15/16 ips Pocketcorder, smallest recorder at the show, was also among the cleanest in its visual aspects.

A nod must go to J. B. Lansing, three of whose products displayed here have won WESCON design awards. Bogen featured a new receiver, the TR100X, and two new compacts (one with a stereo-8 tape cartridge player) with walnut finish on their front panels, and behind their tuning dials, as well. Sansui's AU-111 was an elegant black with metallic knobs and control designations; it fea-

(*Continued on page* 69)



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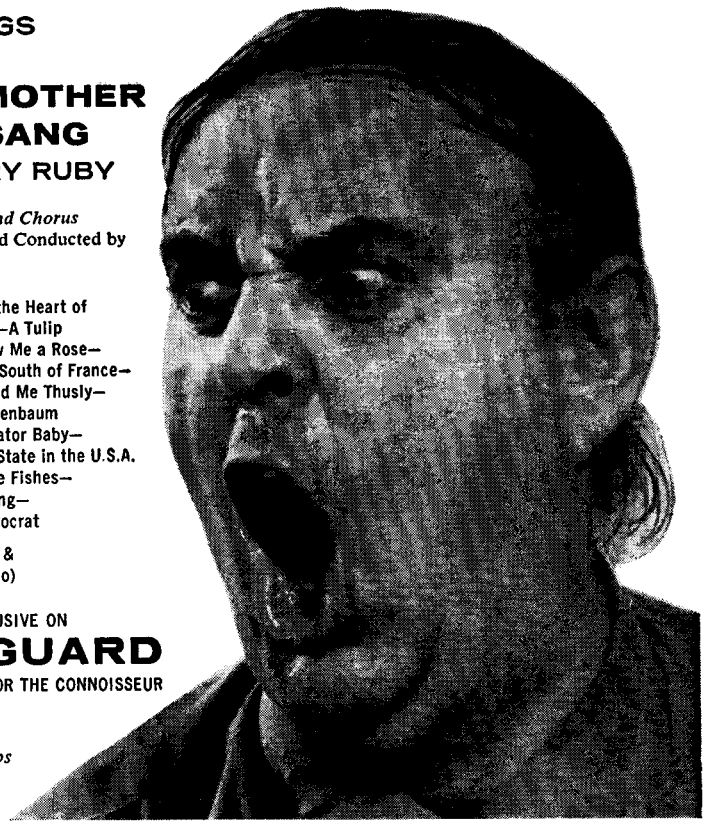

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A WAG once suggested that the bust of Sibelius, still so prominently displayed in a Carnegie Hall lobby, ought to be inscribed, "I got my job through *The New York Times.*"

It is not the least bit true that Sibelius was an invention of the late Olin Downes (the Sibelius cult outside of Scandinavia was and presumably still is largely English), but it is possibly accurate to say that if Sibelius had never existed, Olin Downes would have had to invent him. Therein lies the crux of the Great Sibelius Controversy. Downes once said of the Finnish composer: "He is as valuable a force as he is an almost incredible apparition in contemporaneous music." The clue is the use of the word "contemporaneous," intentionally substituting for the tainted "contemporary" (as in "contemporary music" or "modern music"). In other words, Downes was using Sibelius—the inheritor of the great tradition, the "restorer" of symphonic music in modern times, etc.—as a big stick with which to thrash the errant modernists.

All of this controversy seems distant enough now. After Downes's death, Sibelius *did* fade badly. But these things always run in cycles and there is now even a small "revival"; Bernstein has been playing a good bit of Sibelius, and another American, Lorin Maazel, has taken up his cause in Germany, where, in fact, he has never really had any effective advocates or popularity.

It does seem a little difficult nowadays to understand how a composer who was writing music before Stravinsky was born and whose major work was already completed or well under way by the time of the First World War could have been considered "contemporaneous" merely because he happened to outlive his time (in virtual silence) by more than thirty years. The effect is a little like that of somone trying to put down Joyce and Proust with, say, the novels of Selma Lagerlöf or Sigrid Undset.

With a little perspective, we can see that Sibelius was by no means unique, nor was he—whatever his value—an apparition of the incredible sort. There were a great many more or less gifted men in the early years of the century concerned with the problem of extending symphonic thought into the twentieth century, and at least one of these was a much greater master. Sibelius's real competition these days comes, not from Schoenberg and Stravinsky (who are not even playing in the same ball game), but from Gustav Mahler; it is in just those places where one used to encounter Sibelius that one now finds the name and towering figure of Mahler.

These thoughts are provoked by the appearance of a different sort of incredible apparition: all seven Sibelius symphonies in a single five-record package and coming from, of all places, Japan. I do not recommend taking in these works one after the other; they have too much in common: the great cycles of simple, pregnant, thematic fragments that slowly evolve over agitated motionless figures, and long, static harmonies curiously punctuated at crucial points by sudden, meaningful intrusions and asymmetries. Contrary to a widespread theory, these fragments do not generally coalesce, but merely extend themselves in long, long cycles of repetition and sequence, often turning into accompaniment material for new and more lyric themes. Instead of resolution, the movements often work themselves into climaxes of insistent repetition which end in some kind of tonal confusion; then huge silences and a few jabs at, or echoes of, the main tonality close the discourse. Tchaikovsky and the Central European tradition provide starting points. At the other end of the historical spectrum, he links up with symphonists like Vaughan Williams (see the ultra-modal Sibelius Sixth) and even Shostakovich (some of whose symphonic music turns out to be, rather surprisingly, a convincing demonstration of the relationship between Sibelius and Mahler.)

The most original and striking works—and possibly the most artistically successful—are the Fourth, which is highly regarded but not often played, and the almost unknown Sixth. The one-movement label of the Seventh is a little misleading since this movement breaks down into component sections; but the work has original touches and the nine-part string writing commands attention and respect. The curious Third has escaped popularity—probably because it is strongly weighted down by a rather dark and ambiguous finale—but it has a

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good deal to recommend it. The popular Second seems derivative by comparison, and the equally popular Fifth does not escape the banality of loud repetition. In general, the Sibelius rhetoric does not wear well; on the other hand, it must be said that Symphonies Numbers 3 to 7 and even a good deal of Numbers 1 and 2, are instantly recognizable as Sibelian.

If the ability to speak in an unmistakable voice is a genuine criterion of individuality and value, then Sibelius's music has an unquestionable objective worth. I say this and then cannot resist adding that, after hearing seven Sibelius symphonies in a row (and a couple of them more than once), I do not want to hear any Sibelius again for a long, long time.

Sibelius is popular in Japan but there is an additional reason (oddly enough, unmentioned anywhere on or in this album) for the appearance of these recordings from an apparently unlikely source—Watanabe is half Finnish. These records were produced by Japanese (or Nippon) Columbia for Japanese consumption and, although there are arguments to recommend Epic's release of the material here, the standards are not really international in quality. There are better performances available and the recording quality is only fair (I was bothered by the high level of what I take to be tape hiss).

On the other hand, except for Numbers 1, 2, and 5, the competition is surprisingly limited and there are no listed stereo versions of Numbers 3 and 6 at all. And the performing level is at least as high as you might expect to find with all but a handful of top European orchestras—which is, at the very least, a fascinating indication of the Japanese level in these matters nowadays. Also, in a rough and ready way, there is something to be said for Watanabe's enthusiastic digging in. As a package deal at a low price, it's unbeatable; but don't expect anything very refined.

—Eric Salzman.

N. Y. Hi Fi Show

Continued from page 67

tured tone controls whose contours could be changed to suit different listening requirements. ADC's Model 606 had a sloping tuning scale.

Sherwood's new automatic turntable, in satin chrome and black (or perhaps a dark blue . . . the lighting in Room 339 was a bit on the romantic side) was quite elegant, looking rather less like the changer it is than do most of the top-light automatics.

Jensen's "ultimate bookshelf" speaker looks far less overwhelming in person than in photographs, but their deluxe 1200XL Contemporary and Mediterranean seemed the most attractive, visually, of their line. Altec Lansing and Sansui featured speaker systems with perforated wood grilles Scott a system (the S-12) with two grilles, side-by-side, Bozak a new series of Colonial cabinets. The familiar box shape was defied by Empire, University, and Tannoy.

KLH, who started the compact ball rolling, showed only their new speaker. Benjamin had two compact models, both incorporating the Miracord changer they import; one had FM as well. Bogan had two compacts also, both with FM, AM, and phono, but one with a player for 8-track automobile stereo cartridges as well. Electro-Voice and Shure did not show their compacts, though Shure showed a portable phonograph with outputs for headphones, none for speakers. Fisher had three compact variants: one with FM, one without, and one with a portable case. Scott had three models also, two with FM and one without. Harman-Kardon's compact line was continued.

The first compact music systems were build around record changers. One or two subsequent models have been built around FM, with inputs provided for external record players. This year, Sony/Superscope came up with the one possibility remaining, a tape-oriented compact, with inputs for phono and tuner, available in wood or portable cases. Dynaco's more expensive Beocord recorder also has inputs for magnetic phono cartridges and the usual tuner/aux input, as does at least one Uher model. But the Sony version seems the first designed with the compact trade specifically in mind.

Sonically, the show was a success—or as much of a success as it can be considering the general combination of poor room-acoustics and high ambient noise. But visually the New York Component High Fidelity now was the most interesting in years. High Fidelity component design is well out of the lab well into the living room.

—Ivan Berger.

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The "Ring" Completed

WOTAN HIMSELF, gazing from a distant peak at the castle of Valhalla fresh and firmly built, probably could not have uttered with more gratification the words *"Vollendet das ewige Werk!"* than could John Culshaw, producer for London Records, on issuing the new set of *Die Walküre* (mono A 4509, stereo OSA 1509), which marks the completion of London's recorded *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*Das Rheingold, Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung* having been released previously in that order).

The effort, ingenuity, and artistic accomplishment that have gone into so vast a project must be saluted on its termination. Wagner's four-day music-drama has been recorded with the finest possible casts, on a level of work-intensity commensurate with the building of Bayreuth itself (at whose opening ceremonies Wagner caused "Vollendet das ewige Werk!" to be sung by the Wotan of the hour). The prospect that this recorded *Ring*, uncut, boasting a giant instrumentation and first-line singers, will be available to students living far from the few theaters capable of mounting the work should bring a glow to any Wagner fan. It may also, if one goes into the esthetics of the production, trigger a certain reserve.

But first to the incontestable qualities of the new *Walküre*. Nowhere is there to be heard a more splendid performance of it today. Georg Solti, always an admirable conductor, has surpassed himself. The Vienna Philharmonic turns in a superb accounting of the score. Among the singers, only James King falls somewhat short. Not that his Siegmund is wanting in beauty of voice and (by the time Act II has rolled around) a measure of dramatic involvement. It is simply that he must be judged by the titanic company he keeps.

Birgit Nilsson, the Brünnhilde, leads them all in sweep and brilliance. At the height of her vocal strength, she has developed a sensitivity to nuance, an awareness of shading not always evident before. So basically bright an organ lacks the range and sensuousness of color heard in this role from other artists; but that is less a limitation of temperament than the nature of her voice. In this latest performance, the epithet "cold"—often flung Miss Nilsson's way—has no validity. One may take exception to the vocal timbre—a matter of taste, not judgment. Of the warmth that informs her approach, there can be no doubt. I have never enjoyed her "Hoyotoho!", with its steely disregard of the *portamento* set down by Wagner in his score. She still persists in lunging rather than slurring, to the disadvantage of the music. This, however, is a minor detail. The Nilsson Brünnhilde sets a vocal standard for our time.

In contrast to its hilly gleam comes the lush, almost coastal outpouring of Régine Crespin as Sieglinde. Pairing these two disparate artists, linking them to the same area of achievement, has made for inspired casting. Mme. Crespin, a Sieglinde in the Lehmann tradition, is utterly moving, be it in the narrative of the Sword, in "Du bist der Lenz," or the flight scene of the second act. Only once does she disappoint: in the soaring phrase, "O hehrstes Wunder!", where Mr. Solti—whose every other tempo seems so right and just—appears to have clipped her wings. Elsewhere she is consistently impressive—though I feel bound to mention, as basis for future concern, a couple of places where she lingers or slides in the style of *Tosca* rather than of *Walküre*. For those who have seen Mme. Crespin's Sieglinde on stage, the recorded version is preferable. Despite her native good looks, this soprano does not move with physical grace. Her *plastique* is often less than expressive. When she can concentrate, as in the new album, on voice alone, the result is of the first order.

Christa Ludwig, though not possessing the ideal quality for Fricka (she is now more soprano than alto, her timbre clear rather than dark), brings dramatic truth to the part. Gottlob Frick, the best Hunding in my experience, not only sings with the massive, villainous tone demanded by the role but skillfully avoids the wobble challenging the majority of basses who undertake it.

Which brings us to Hans Hotter and, there, to the production and esthetics of the new set. This noted performer is in many ways the ideal Wotan. Nobility, penetration, musicianship, an arresting type of sound put him in the topmost rank; his reading of the long second-act monologue throws new light on a previously murky page; but his voice is so often souped up by electronic means as to make it hard for the listener to find a basic orientation. Perhaps we come nearest the truth in Wotan's opening phrase, "Nun zäume dein Ross, reisige Maid!" when the baritone—in full voice

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—spins a modest rather than a grand, sustained line. In many another place his singing is likely to ride great orchestral climaxes like some sonic mirage. This is in no way intended to disparage a top artist, whose reading of "Das Ende!" alone would make him a memorable Wotan; but it *is* meant to question the taste of the producer.

Mr. Culshaw, in Act I, has given us several fine achievements. Orchestral sound is intimate (as befits the romantic Wälsung episode) and well balanced. Cellos and basses are admirable in weight, beauty, and eloquence of tone. The Wagner tubas articulate with full menace; and even the sound of Hunding's latch falling swiftly, almost tonelessly, on an inner door makes for dramatic tension. It is from Act II, once we get into Valkyrie country, that the producer pours it on, coupling genuine technical achievement with deplorable self-indulgence, creating relentless orchestral *fortes* that set up a curtain of sound between singers and listener, passing us through endless echo chambers, fastening on a constant round of gimmickry and gadgetry that devitalizes rather than animates the Wagnerian scene. Naïve overworking of distances, TV fondness for the leaping sound, madness for stereo separation—these in closed ranks can be appalling, for musical performance aims at integration, at the blending rather than fragmentation of effects. When the trombones (as Fricka demands of Wotan his oath) come through with such force that their slides would appear to be bursting from inside the speaker, one has had enough of the "WHAM! POW!" approach.

The "Ride of the Valkyries," which finds Wagner at less than his selective best, can take this kind of treatment. In most other places, where the orchestra predominates at *forte* level and the singers are perched on some passing brass chord, the sound is open to question. All the more regrettable in that the final scene between Wotan and Brünnhilde, including the E-major orchestral climax, comes off with ravishing tone and great refinement of detail. It confronts us with what might have been. Wagner, in planning his dream theater at Bayreuth, sank much of the pit directly beneath the stage and covered the rest so that his forces might support—not compete with—the singers. The recent trend in Wagnerian recording, as exemplified by London's *Ring*, has placed new emphasis on orchestral detail, bringing to the fore arcane points of scoring generally unheard in the opera house.

And now this path is followed by RCA Victor, though less flamboyantly, in its new recording of *Lohengrin* (LM 6710 mono; stereo, LSC 6710), built around the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf. These men stand at the heart of the performance. The wind playing, above all, is beautiful; and Leinsdorf's phrasing has strong musicality. One might—a matter of personal reaction—find some of the tempi overly deliberate, but of the authority and good taste behind them there can be no question. Balance between voices and orchestra—except for the pea-soup sonorities surrounding Telramund (was this by design?)—comes off generally well; and the thrilling effect of the instruments on stage, as in the courtyard trumpet calls and the gathering of the Brabantian nobles, works largely in favor of the album.

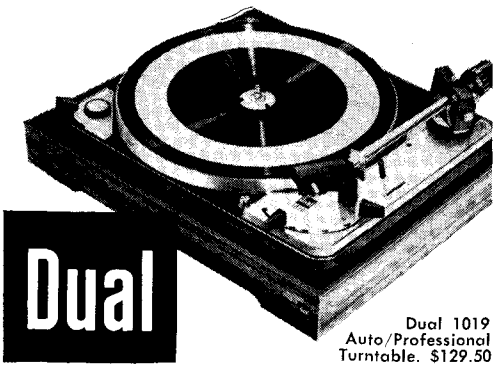
MATCHING the orchestra in competence and spirit is the Boston Chorus Pro Musica (Alfred Nash Patterson, director). Yet these are only the background elements of opera; one would expect the solo artists to excel. Unfortunately, only Sándor Kónya in the name part and Calvin Marsh as the Herald hold their own. The real star of the recording is the immensely gifted English horn player of the Boston Symphony. Running up the procession, rather limply, is the remainder of the cast: Rita Gorr, Ortrud; William Dooley, Telramund; Jerome Hines, King Henry; Lucine Amara, Elsa.

Miss Gorr creates such mood in her softer passages that the harshness of tone marring the climaxes is doubly regrettable. Moreover, her German enunciation is not always clear; and the scornful outcry of "Gott!" in the night scene with Telramund—the revelation of Ortrud's hatred, as a crypto-pagan, of everything bound to Christianity—is poorly sung, the *appoggiatura* to the main note coming with less than the bite required.

With all her technical shortcomings—and there are others beyond those just cited—Miss Gorr at least projects the part with conviction . . . an asset not to be found throughout the cast. Jerome Hines, vocally unwieldy and dramatically depersonalized, sings the music of the King in oratorio style. William Dooley has neither the stamina nor the grand line for Telramund. Although he does convey a certain intensity during the scene before the cathedral, his singing ultimately lacks class and power. Miss Amara sounds persuasive in passing; but in general hers is a small-scale Elsa, equating bland vocal timbre with innocence.

Mr. Kónya sings very well, excelling in the more *piano* pages such as Lohengrin's thanks to the swan and the lovely, lyrical start of the bridal duet. Occasionally he whines (the Italians have a word for this: *piagnucoloso*); the heroic and mystical implications of the role escape

(*Continued on page 74*)



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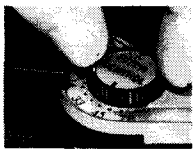
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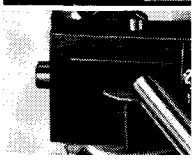
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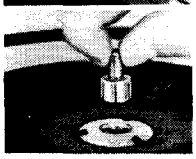
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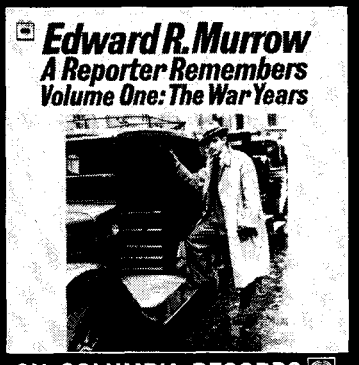

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Houston

Continued from page 57

was, "Are the Russians coming?" to which the answer, delivered in Moscow to Grace Ward Lankford, founder and executive secretary of the competition, was "No."

The first reason advanced was that the most promising Soviet talents could not prepare for the big Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow in May and then get ready for the Cliburn in Fort Worth late in September. To eliminate this problem, which some U.S. pianists also raised, the next "quadrennial" competition will be held three years hence, in 1969, after which its four-year cycle will avoid both the Tchaikovsky and the Queen Elizabeth in Brussels, another major international attraction for young aspirants.

A Russian spokesman also told Mrs. Lankford that this year's Cliburn contest would lack Soviet entries because their pianists did not win the last time. To which the reasonable conjecture may be added that, as it has done in recent international athletic contests, the Soviet Union may be holding back participants in retaliation for our Vietnam position.

Not all the music in Texas the first week in October was in Fort Worth by any means. On Sunday, October 2, the people of Houston received as a gift from the Houston Foundation the keys to Jesse Jones Hall for the Performing Arts. Named for the city's chief benefactor, the hall was built from funds provided by the foundation that Jones set up before his death ten years ago. On Monday night Sir John Barbirolli conducted the Houston Symphony and the Houston Chorale in a program that seemed uncommonly strange for so gala an occasion.

It began appropriately enough with *Ode to the Temple of Sound*, commissioned from Alan Hovhaness, but continued with Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, *The White Peacock* by Griffes, and both suites from Ravel's ballet-with-chorus, *Daphnis and Chloe*. If the second half of the evening was singularly amorphous in shape, it gave plenty of opportunities for testing the new hall's acoustics. Done by the firm of Bolt, Beranek, and Newman, the original acousticians for Philharmonic Hall, Jones Hall shows the same lack of bass response that plagued the Lincoln Center hall at its opening concert. While the new auditorium in Houston is lined with teakwood and resplendent with glorious red continental seating, it gives the listener a very weak idea of the playing of double basses and cellos, as well as the true sound of bass voices in the chorus.

The ceiling in the hall is a vast set of hexagonal coffin-like reflectors that can be raised or lowered to alter the seating capacity from 3,000 to 2,400, 2,000, or 1,800, depending upon the hall's entertainment—opera, symphony, ballet, recital, or theater. The word is that the hall can be adjusted or tuned or whatever it is that needs doing to help the lack of bass. We must fervently hope so—because the firm of Caudill Bowlett Scott has built Houston a beautiful circular building, surrounded with rectangular columns of the same travertine marble that lines both inside and outside walls. Enriching the lofty grand lobby is a thrilling sculpture called *Gemini II*, by Richard Lippold. Composed of 2,400 slender hexagonal rods of aluminum suspended from thousands of "invisible" gold-filled wires, it soars in two shafts through the upper regions of the foyer, suggesting vividly the flight of some unfettered, silvered ship flashing through infinite space.

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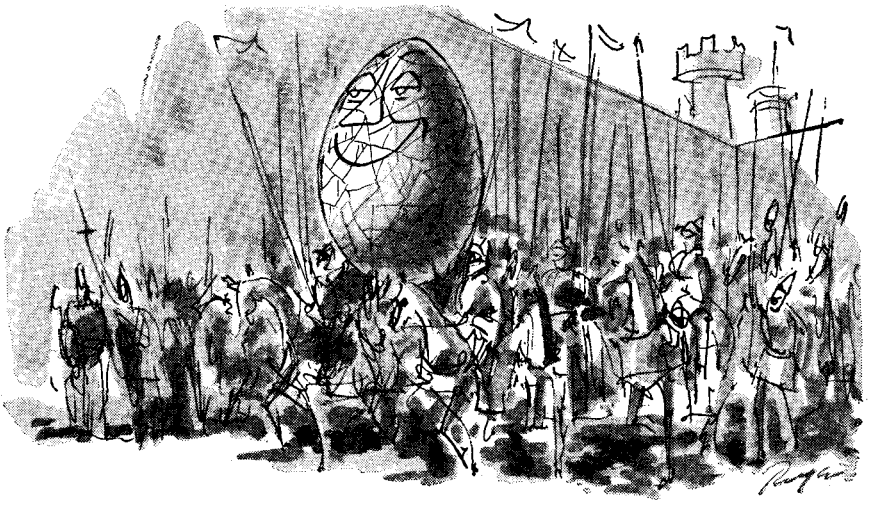

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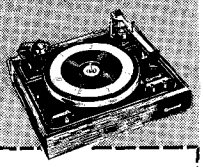

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Barber's "Antony"

THOUGH I WAS NOT present at the opening night of the new Metropolitan Opera House [reviewed in *SR*, Oct. 1], I did hear the broadcast. Samuel Barber has composed, I think, an impressive opera. Much of the music is quite beautiful and it is, of course, coupled to Shakespeare's grandest play. Certainly the singers, the director, and the Metropolitan orchestra served the new work in a most commendable fashion. *Antony and Cleopatra* should not have to wait very long to become a standard item in the Metropolitan repertory. As such it surely will not remain solely a starring vehicle for Leontyne Price.

FREDERICK W. SEINFELT.
Indiana, Pa.

VOA

JUST WANTED to mention my personal satisfaction that someone with influence has finally stated the facts about the Voice of America broadcasts as Irving Kolodin did in his article "South of the Border with Telefunken" [*SR*, July 16]. . . . Besides Our Way and Their Way, there is also the lively suspicion (borne out by experience) that the news is tailored to suit the overseas public rather than to fit the truth—the BBC truth-correlation factor leaves VOA far behind.

FR. LOUIS V. NADEAU, O.P.,
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concerning the bass-baritone Norman Foster, you state that "No other Foster records are known" (besides his *Songs of a Wayfarer* and *Kindertotenlieder*). Mr. Foster has made three LP records of lieder with Heinrich Schmidt, pianist, including one all-Schubert and one all-Strauss, and a record of Handel arias with an orchestra under Stanford Robinson. He has also participated in recordings under Felix Prohaska (Bach's Cantata No. 70) and Ferdinand Grossmann (Schubert's Mass No. 5, and Brahms's *Liebeslieder* and *Neue Liebeslieder*).

JACK DIETHER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not all are currently available, which limits those that can be recommended.*

Mahler and Moses

I AM VERY INTERESTED in early recordings made by the great performers of the early twentieth century and read about a Morton Moses "Collection Guide to American Recordings 1895-1925" in the September 24 *SR*. Could you supply me with information on how to get it? I have an old Edison "amberola" cylinder-type machine in addition to my stereo set and would be very happy to get any old music transfered to discs or even cylinders. Would you also know if Gustav Mahler ever made any recordings as a conductor? I have heard only that he is on a piano roll record with other artists. I am only fourteen yet my interest increases all the time. Thank you for any information.

PAUL HESS.

Wausau, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No recordings of Mahler's conducting are known, but piano roll performances have been reproduced on several discs. The Julian Morton Moses publication entitled "Collectors' Guide to American Recordings 1895-1925" was last available at the American Record Collectors' Exchange, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.*

Schlieder Method?

I WONDER if through *SR* I might find out the address of someone connected with the "Frederik Schlieder Method of Teaching Improvisation"? It includes Harmony, Counterpoint, etc. Apparently it is known in New York City, but so far I have not succeeded in my efforts to make contacts.

(MRS.) LUCY CURTIS LANE.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Information will be gratefully welcomed.*

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The "Ring" Uncut

Continued from page 71

him; yet, on a working basis, he is more than acceptable.

The opera comes completely uncut; and the famous *Anhang* (or Appendix) to the third act, not available in vocal scores published in this country and heard in performance only at Bayreuth, has been recorded. This passage—an extended solo for tenor connecting the Grail narrative with Lohengrin's farewell—is worth knowing, since at its base lies poetic fervor. It is good also to have the big C-minor "Doubt" ensemble restored to its place near the end of the second act. The proportions of the opera gain thereby. Some of the other cuts

which were opened might more profitably, except for study purposes, have remained closed.

For those who would compare the new RCA Victor *Lohengrin* with the album issued some time ago by Angel, with Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and State Opera Chorus, the palm would go—for poetry, flexibility, and vocal address—to the latter. Jess Thomas and Sándor Kónya are about even in the title role, with Kónya singing more roundly, Thomas—though sometimes vocally dry—displaying more imagination and a larger-scale approach. Elisabeth Grümmer, reminiscent of Rethberg in full career, stands alone today in the limpid beauty of her Elsa; Christa Ludwig, magnetic as Ortrud, rises to a strong "Entweihte Götter!"; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is an excellent Telramund; and Gottlob Frick, though a bit uncomfortable at the top of his range, brings characterization to the part of King Henry. I find Kempe's work, in general, more evocative than Leinsdorf's. That handsome sound available in the RCA Victor *Lohengrin* is not to be heard in the Angel version . . . The payoff lies in the performance.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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(Continued from page 75)

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The Visitors

Continued from page 55

ray of sunshine passes through the hall. You have an audience to bounce a phrase off like none other in the world." The importance of music and ballet throughout the Soviet Union, and the role of the state in sustaining that importance, did not escape either private or public attention in the United States. "That 'subsidizing' the arts is no longer a dirty word in the United States," Hurok argues, "is something with which the Russians helped a lot."

Where the exchanges have been most immediately valuable is in the careers of individual artists. Van Cliburn had won a Leventritt, this country's most significant prize for pianists, before he went to the Soviet Union; but until his triumph in Moscow he had no more of a career at home than some of the other Leventritt winners. Jane Marsh, though less far advanced in her career, had appeared with the Boston Symphony as solo soprano in the Beethoven Ninth, and nobody except the insiders' insiders even knew the name. Though less advertised, similar quantum career jumps have occurred with Russian artists: Kogan's position, for example, was solidified by his victory in the *Concours Ysaye* in Brussels in 1951. And "an American stamp on an artist," as Hurok puts it, "plays a big part all over the world."

There are dangers here. When the recognized leading composers of all nations gather at a single German spa for the summer, composition is in trouble. If the "Russian style is being cross-pollinated with the Western style," as Harold Schonberg suggested on the last page of his book, *The Great Pianists*, the result could be a homogenized and rather rarefied product, which would retain our interest only so long. National schools at their worst hold one's attention through their exoticism; an international tradition requires great artists, whose appearance is a matter of luck.

But cultural exchange provides correctives, too. The late Noah Greenberg said that one of the saddest moments he had ever known came after a performance of the Japanese *Gagaku*, when he met these incredibly stylized musicians and complimented them on their skills and on the perfection of their tradition. After they had answered some of his questions they requested through the interpreter permission to ask one of him: "Do you think we are obsolete?" Shankar and Khan, not the Westernizers of the Indian movie scores, intrigue the European and American audiences—which is by no means useless to them at home.

Popular art, if it has real quality, exports best of all. For all the triumphs of the Bolshoi and the Kirov, what drove the American audience—including the ballet audience—really wild was the Moiseyev. And much as the Russians admired the precision and elegance of the Balanchine ballets, they grew really wistful about *Rodeo* and *Porgy and Bess*.

On the secondary level, then, even an official cultural exchange, with all its artificiality, can rebuild the confidence of native traditions menaced by the cosmopolitan art world. Hurok wonders why "in spite of everything we haven't yet got an organized folklore movement in the United States." As communication improves, to the distress of the more milksop internationalists, national characteristics assume a deeper importance. Even our highly commercialized and mostly fake folk revival may have roots in the sands of cultural diffusion and cultural exchange.

"Hi there! Welcome aboard the champagne flight!"

Editorial

Continued from page 22

think it should be run. Why should we be any less forthright where human values are at stake?

At least a dozen private agencies are working in the area of social care and medical relief in Vietnam. Readers of *Saturday Review*, through their contributions to the Cam Ne Fund, have sent plastic surgeons to Vietnam. All these efforts have to be expanded. But these efforts cannot be regarded as a substitute

for the massive program that only the United States Government itself can mount and carry out. Would the United States be content to run the war in Vietnam largely through the efforts of volunteer agencies? Why should its approach to the suffering resulting from the war be any less dynamic or far-reaching?

The Congress of the United States ought to insist that any appropriations for the war in Vietnam be made on the principle of moral balance. Every dollar authorized for military spending should be matched by a dollar for relief, hospitals, medical care, restoration, reconstruction, and rehabilitation. There is a second front we can open up in Vietnam. We ought to be flying sick, maimed, and homeless children by the planeload from Vietnam to the United States. If hospital facilities are inadequate, and if homes cannot be found in Vietnam, we can find them here. We should also be constructing emergency medical facilities for the population at large with a spirit that makes it clear this is the most important thing on our minds.

Despite what has been said recently in some quarters, life is not cheap in Asia—or anywhere else. The conditions of life may be wretched and difficult to endure, but there could be no greater indictment than for Americans to take the position that the life of any individual, however illiterate and miserable he may be, is cheaper than the life of any American, however eminent or prosperous. The fact that we should have to remind ourselves of these things, with years like 1776 and 1787 in our history, is profoundly disturbing in itself. —N.C.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1699

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any frog or toad.	1 87 136 182 20 9 107 30 61 98
B. Specifying a modern route to Italy which Hannibal would surely have welcomed (2 wds.)	120 15 124 137 193 55 181 42 163
C. Top of the batting order (2 wds., one comp.)	12 127 58 22 90 49 114 38 93 159
D. Detested.	31 52 176 196 116 37 186
E. Disturbed.	59 91 23 164 170 77 29
F. One exemption from required service probably observed by all countries (3 wds.)	134 147 171 180 47 43 104 175 16
G. Wrote somebody else's material for publication.	200 132 5 94 3 64 41
H. Two wds. which intervene between *full* and *thy father lies.*	66 190 131 201 44 177 109 97 86 158
I. Obtruding one's services where they are not needed or wanted.	183 65 79 162 143 155 198 24 28
J. Flow back as a consequence.	85 126 150 113 199 21 13
K. Ah, remove but two letters from WORD A and juggle the rest a bit, and you will have a large Asiatic beast of burden.	141 135 111 60 81 33 54 121
L. More than (2 wds.)	2 166 57 185 68 130 83 96 45
M. Believed (a person) guilty, a condition likely, etc.	18 148 102 165 8 160 46 84 40
N. Inflammation of the liver.	36 169 95 73 88 192 151 123 172
O. In lowest place, presumably in presence of higher persons or things (3 wds.)	142 26 202 7 188 184 51 14 179
P. Native of the region of the upper part of the world's longest river.	34 25 174 71 99
Q. More familiar relative of WORD K.	75 146 167 128 48 122 110 53 63
R. Motive alleged, to cover a real intention or situation.	80 187 129 35 108 154 19
S. Blind; said of some action taken as if blind.	27 17 153 32 101 118 76
T. At least as much as (3 wds.)	4 152 157 140 82 103 125 115 194 178 105
U. Turn a hostile gaze upon (2 wds.)	145 50 67 119 161 138 173 70
V. Province of Eire having *three counties.*	11 78 156 106 133 74
W. For an extremely brief period of time (3 wds.)	89 189 139 72 117 62 144
X. Shakespeare's two words preceding "hungry lion roars."	149 10 6 69 197 195
Y. Swallowed greedily.	168 92 39 100 191 112 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes -one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 A	2 L	3 G		4 T	5 G	6 X		7 O	8 M		9 A	10 X	11 V	12 C	13 J
	14 O	15 B	16 F	17 S		18 M	19 R	20 A	21 J	22 C		23 E	24 I	25 P	26 O	27 S	
28 I	29 E	30 A	31 D	32 S		33 K	34 P		35 R	36 N	37 D		38 C	39 Y	40 M	41 G	42 B
43 F		44 H	45 L		46 M	47 F	48 Q		49 C	50 U	51 O	52 D	53 Q		54 K	55 B	56 Y
	57 L	58 C	59 E	60 K		61 A	62 W	63 Q		64 G	65 I	66 H	67 U	68 L	69 X		70 U
71 P	72 W	73 N	74 V	75 Q		76 S	77 E	78 V	79 I	_	80 R	81 K	82 T	83 L	84 M	85 J	86 H
87 A	88 N	89 W	90 C	91 E		92 Y	93 C	94 G		95 N	96 L	97 H	98 A	99 P	100 Y	101 S	102 M
103 T		104 F	105 T		106 V	107 A	108 R		109 H	110 Q	111 K	112 Y		113 J	114 C		115 T
116 D	117 W	118 S		119 U	120 B	121 K	122 Q		123 N	124 B		125 T	126 J	127 C	128 Q	129 R	130 L
	131 H	132 G	133 V		134 F	135 K	136 A	137 B	138 U	139 W	140 T		141 K	142 O	143 I	144 W	145 U
146 Q	147 F	148 M	149 X	150 J		151 N	152 T		153 S	154 R	155 I	156 V	157 T	158 H	159 C	160 M	161 U
	162 I		163 B	164 E	165 M	166 L	167 Q	168 Y	169 N		170 E	171 F	172 N		173 U	174 P	175 F
	176 D		177 H	178 T	179 O	180 F	181 B	182 A		183 I	184 O		185 L	186 D	187 R	188 O	189 W
190 H	191 Y	192 N	193 B		194 T	195 X		196 D	197 X	198 I	199 J	200 G	201 H	202 O			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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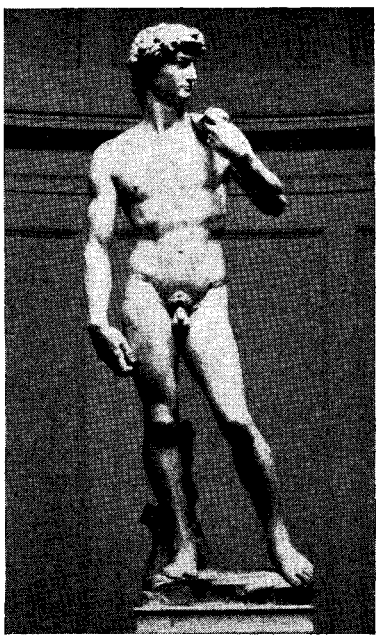

The marble for this 17′ David was a bribe to bring Michelangelo home.

He was called "divine" by his colleagues, yet he considered himself a failure...he was the pet of popes, but he was starved for love...he slept in his boots, and his head was filled with the loftiest beauty...he was an ascetic who portrayed the human body with an unprecedented voluptuousness...he claimed he was incompetent to paint the Sistine Chapel, though it became his greatest achievement...he combined the simplicity of a peasant with superhuman genius. This was Michelangelo.

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